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GIVE IT TO ME BIG BOY!

LINSEY McKENZIE
– NUDE!

RIDING THIGH!
SADDLE UP
WITH TINA

GEEK POWER!
TARANTINO'S
FREAKY FLICKS

THE BAD ASS
ISSUE

THIS MONTH IN CLUB TEASE!

CLUB INTERNATIONAL Volume Twenty Four Number Four

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Dani

You can teach a leopard new tricks but you can't make it drink. That's what I say. You see, I tried to go straight. **I really tried**. For a whole month. I cut down on the drinking and stayed in nights, reading and watching *Ghandi* on video. You know, stuff like that. But somewhere along the line I just let things slip. One minute I'm in a **stable relationship** with a future, sharing a bottle of white wine, talking about wedding lists and flipping through *Elle Decoration* for some tips; the next she's **binned** me, I'm knee deep in cheap cider, the rolling machine is out and my head's in **smithereens**. God, it's great to be back!

I feel so alive. Things got dangerously close to morning-suit city there. But it could have been even worse... She said I'd have to cut out the **wanking**. I guess that's when I knew things were over.

What is it about girls? Why can't they handle you handling yourself

Thought of the month:
"Why hasn't Donna from Elastica rung me up yet? She does know I'm a single man doesn't she?" – The Editor, every fucking day

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Linsey

Publisher: Stephen Bleach
Editor: Rob Swift
Deputy Editor: Harry Cudig Jnr
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Art Director: Ian Midson
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occasionally? Are they jealous or something? Okay, I admit that it was a bit more than occasionally. More like every time she left the flat, really. "I'm just popping out for a pint of milk, Rob," she'd say. And before you could even hear the door slam my **kecks** would hit the floor.

Then things got a bit out of hand, so to speak, and I took to having a quick one off the wrist every time she went to the toilet or made the tea. She had to notice. We were going through more Kleenex than **Gazza**.

But probably the worst it ever got was the night when my girlfriend slipped into some pricey new **stockings** and suspenders, the full tackle, and came into the living room. "Come to bed, darling," she said. "I've got something for you..." And with that she unclipped her black silk bra, teased her succulent **pink nipples** and went into the bedroom.

Ten minutes later she called out to me. "I'm still waiting, Rob. Are you coming?"

Too bloody right I was – all over the cushion covers and the new **Bad Taste** issue of Club.– **The Editor** ♣

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in the bag

We've got the dirtiest readers there are! Send in your lewd letters to: In The Bag, Club International, 2 Archer Street, London W1V 8JJ

STIFF BRANDI

Congratulations, fellas – you've done what I thought was impossible, and you've found a girl to rival your regular girl, Tina. I was knocked out by the pictures of Brandi (Vol 24 No 2).

She is an incredible looking woman; lovely long hair, superbly rounded tits, impossibly long legs and a gorgeously trimmed cunt. Where on earth did you find such a fantastic girl? Her pictures were just the horniest thing I've ever seen in Club – and I've been buying the mag for the last five years! How about getting Brandi and Tina together for a photo session? It would be beaver heaven! Go on guys, make my day... – *John, Ayr*

BURNING UP!

I just had to write and tell you about the changes I've experienced in my sex life recently, and how my normally shy girlfriend has turned into a raving sex maniac! I'm a 26-year-old bloke with a fairly high sex drive and my girlfriend, Annabel, is 22 years old.

We've been seeing each other for a couple of years and although we have regular sex, I have to admit that it had become a bit boring.

Anyway, one afternoon last month Annabel and I headed up to London to do some shopping and we ended up in Soho. One shop had a prominent window display of sexy underwear and sex toys, and Annabel wanted to go inside and look around. I have to say that I was a little embarrassed, but Annabel walked around excitedly, filling up a shopping basket. She wouldn't let me see what she'd bought, but I did spot a set of sexy red underwear and a rather large black dildo!

That evening when we got back home, we decided to go to the cinema and Anna insisted on dressing up in a short black dress, stockings and high heels. She looked fantastic and I'd have quite happily stayed at home and fucked her brains out, but she told me that I'd have to wait till later. The tease!

All the way through the film I couldn't keep my hands off Annabel, and she certainly didn't resist as I eased my hands inside her dress and gently stroked her tits. After the film, we drove straight back to our flat...

I headed into the kitchen and fixed us a couple of drinks, while Annabel relaxed on the sofa. When I came back into the livingroom, Annabel was lying back with her dress up around her waist, stroking her pussy through her knickers. I was on top of her in a flash, easing her tits out of her dress and sucking greedily on her swollen nipples.

My hand went down to her pussy and replaced her own hand, and I began rubbing her engorged clitty. Then Annabel got up and took off her dress and stood in front of me in just her stockings, suspenders and panties.

She looked so unbelievably sexy that I was finding it hard to stop myself from coming right there on the spot! She moved closer towards me so that her pussy was right in my face, then eased her knickers to one side. "Frig me," she breathed huskily. I ran a hand along the inside of her thigh and then plunged two fingers inside her wet cunt – and that's when I got a total surprise!

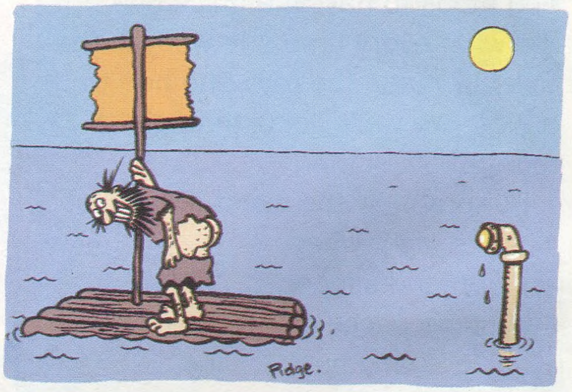
I felt something else inside her pussy as well as my fingers, and Annabel was going absolutely wild with arousal begging me to pull on a piece of cord that was hanging down. I pulled gently and out popped a pair of vibrating duo balls!

Annabel had bought them that afternoon. She even confessed that she'd had them inside her when we went to the cinema! No wonder she looked so happy.

Well, that was the catalyst for some amazing sex. I dropped onto my knees in front of Annabel and began licking at her cunt, my tongue pushing deep inside and licking fervently until she came all over my face.

Annabel then began to quickly undress me, tearing at my clothes until I was naked and then greedily stuffing my cock into her mouth and sucking hard. I shouted out to Annabel that I was going to come, at which she just sucked my cock further into her mouth and I shot my load down her throat. I fell back onto the sofa exhausted, but Annabel was nowhere near being satisfied.

She reached into her handbag and pulled out the black dildo she'd bought earlier. I watched as she lay on the



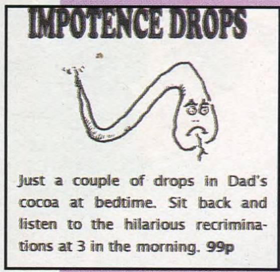
THIS IS WIT?

Tee-hee! Hoot! Hoot! Club giggles in the corner over **THIS IS IT!**, a new mental magazine for lovers of bottom humour and crap telly...

If you thought that *Viz* had cornered the market in childish jokes and whiffy bottom one-liners then pick up a copy of THIS IS IT! and experience some real regression. Billed as 'Britain's Favourite Junior TV Magazine' but 'Not For Sale To Children', THIS IS IT! manages to combine all the fab banality of *Look In* with a finely crafted line in S-bend laffs. Growing Pains, the mag's problem page, is a fine example. Under the headline 'Whiffs of Piss' a 2wo 3hirds fan writes: Dear Bernice,

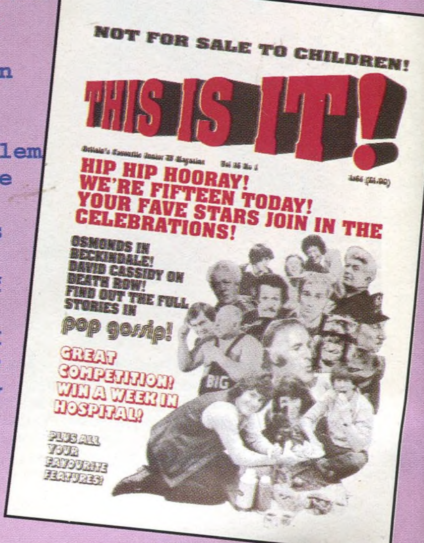
I have a friend who smells of wee. I've been to her house and that smells too. Should I stay friends with her or not?

Bernice replies: There may be many reasons for this odour. She may be lonely, bullied and afraid. But



IMPOTENCE DROPS

Just a couple of drops in Dad's cocoa at bedtime. Sit back and listen to the hilarious recriminations at 3 in the morning. 99p


NOT FOR SALE TO CHILDREN!
THIS IS IT!
HIP HIP HOORAY! WE'RE FIFTEEN TODAY! YOUR FAVE STARS JOIN IN THE CELEBRATIONS!
OSMONDS IN BECKINDALE! DAVID CASSIDY ON DEATH ROW! FIND OUT THE FULL STORIES IN
pop gossip!
GREAT COMPETITION! WIN A WEEK IN HOSPITAL!
PLUS ALL YOUR FAVOURITE FEATURES!
BIG

floor in front of me with her legs spread and began to feed all ten inches of the vibrator inside her pussy! She climaxed almost immediately as she worked the toy deep inside her. Then it was my turn to fuck her.

I got down on the floor beside Annabel and she squatted over me. Then she dropped down onto my prick and began bouncing up and down energetically. It was a fast and frantic fuck and for the first time ever, we both came at exactly the same time.

Annabel has built up quite a collection of sex toys now and she's like a new woman. She has even hinted that she wants to have a threesome in the near future... – *John, Southend*

ACTING UP!

As an avid reader of Club, I had to write in and congratulate you on a great magazine. My favourite parts have to be the letters and Talkin' Blue section, although I never imagined

continued on page 36

that's no excuse for pissing her knickers... She should be shunned, isolated and ignored until she takes the inevitable final step of jumping into the canal.

Add to this a look at life with the PG Tips Chimps, Crimehalters with 'TV's Dennis Nilson and his dog Bleep' and you've got a magazine packed with real top-quality bollocks. We liked it a lot, but it obviously won't last long – it's got no tits in it.

Send for your copy of this silly magazine to THIS IS IT! House, PO Box MT82, Leeds, LS17 6XP. Please make cheques for £1.50 payable to THIS IS IT! and tell 'em that Club sent ya. ♣

Photographs by Jack Harrison

Unusual Places To Lose Your Virginity, No. 287: On the 10.47 from Eastbourne to Victoria. "We were sharing a compartment and feeling randy after a night snogging in the cinema during *When Harry Met Sally*," says 20-year-old Gina. "He eased his hand into my black panties and my pussy was so wet I just knew this was going to be it. He slipped it in so easily and we

rocked with the movement of the train." In fact, it was so good that Gina has used British Rail as a bedroom ever since. "Now I think nothing of giving my guy a quick blow-job in the boring bit between Gatwick and Haywards Heath, and I once performed a striptease for a guy in the signal box near Glynde whilst waiting for him to pull his lever!"♣

VIVA LAS VEGAS

You've seen *Pulp Fiction*, you've read about Charles Manson and you've listened to Guns 'n' Roses. Club's daring down-and-outer, **Matt Moore**, meets the real things...

"We all played this gig and this geezer didn't turn up so we all had to play. That's how it started. That's how every band starts, isn't it?"

Thirty four-year-old Jake Vegas makes it his own to banter in Special Brew and 80-fags-a-day riddles. Surrounded by Tyrone, band mate-cum-work mate and Smelly Kevin – just a workmate we're engrossed in the latest imports that've just arrived. Jake, Tyrone and Kevin work in a soon-to-be-closed Soho sex shop, so it isn't the latest Hip Hop imports we're discussing...

"A Hip Hop drum beat is just a voodoo beat backwards."

Jake Vegas' Naked Kiss are the best band in Britain. It's not a startling revelation, as far as guitar music hits, the chick from Sleeper's got nice tits, but so what? Inspired by his father, a 50s Soho jazz cat into large cars and large clothes, Jake ripped the freedom from jazz and forged his own brand of greasy rock 'n' roll that owes more to John Coltrane than it ever will to the banal 80s wave of guitar rubbish.

More Than VEGAS
More Than VEGAS
JIM CARLISLE & the jumping jacks
FEBRUARY
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FRIDAY
MAYBE YOU'RE NOT UP FOR ANOTHER BIRTHDAY
JAKE VEGAS' mondo burlesk
BIRTHDAY
More Than Vegas
never go flat busted!

A Heartbreaker
cheek to cheek
slow dance nite
More Than Vegas
whatever happened to ?!?
slow dancing
Tuesday
14
JAKE VEGAS
red hot and steamy
DANCE CARDS AT THE DOOR
sleazy, cheesy, trashy, smutty

The Naked Kiss' brand of stage-coach-falling-off-the-beaten-tracks rock 'n' roll is clearly evident on the band's latest release, *Jake's Flower Garden* (Camden Town Records), an unrehearsed live first-take.

"If you play jazz, you don't have to rehearse, because everyone links on to what you're playing."

Jake and Tyrone believe they're on their own. They certainly have a point: making it up as they go along, it's inevitable that no two Jake performances are ever going to be the same. But what about the present music scene? Jake lights a fag.

"They still churn out the same old shit, some stupid bird singing I love you."

But don't you ever sing I love you, say if you're in love?

Naan, winces Jake, drawing hard on his cigarette, "say you love the crocodile on Miami Beach, you don't have to say you love a bird."

Earlier in the day, I bummed along with Jake to a Tarantino book signing. It was cancelled. It's a shame, because Vegas and his for-realism are 24 hours *Pulp Fiction*. He would have scared the shit out of Quentin.

"If they gave me the money I'd make a film," says Jake. "It'd be the maddest fuckin' film you've ever seen. No make-up, I'd just use real people. I know hunchbacks and dwarves. It's no good getting Travolta, he's good but he couldn't play the part he was playing, I know someone who *is* that."

A balding German interrupts the Marlboro smoke. He wants kinky sex slides for his projector. Smelly Kevin laughs. "It's the 1990s!"

Evidently there's a revival. In Germany.

Distracted by a woman suspended by her tits on the television screen ("Hey, look! She's enjoying it!"), the conversation switches to the sex shop's customers. A couple of girls wander in. They take one glance at Jake, all grease, guts, grimace and a permanent fag in his mouth, and squeal.

Who are your typical customers?

"It's not trainers – it's more loafers, suits and briefcases. A guy walks in with a tuna fish sandwich and then watches a kinky video. I mean what the fuck is all that about? Then he goes back to the office and talks to all the secretaries, when all day long he's thinking about the dirty video."

So where's the British sex industry going, now that the Criminal Justice Act gives the authorities easier rights to continually harass people?

"It's all getting back to normality, Page 3 and all that. English people are deprived, they don't understand about sex. Most middle-age people turn the lights out and fuck, that's it. At least your mag shows what's going on," Jake mutters.

"Anybody who says they've got a rubber doll and they don't fuck it is lying. If they say it's just for decoration, it looks good or it's funny, and all that, it's bollocks – he's fucking the pants off her. I admit it, I fuck rubber dolls."

Do you try all the sex toys?

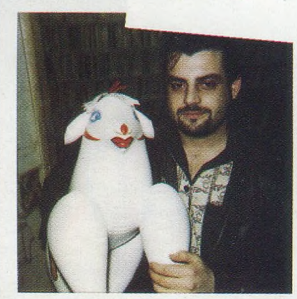
"Yeah, they're all brilliant. People say that dolls don't work, but they fucking do. If you fuck one of them dolls, you'll never go out with a bird again. It's a different sex, she never gives up, or taps you on your shoulder. Once you start fucking them you can't stop."

Every Friday night, Jake hosts his own nightclub, More Than Vegas at the St Moritz on Wardour Street, London W1. Smokey, boozey and claustrophobic, the music is low-down 50s rock 'n' roll grunge and the raunchy clientele reflects the attitude. There are loads of sexy girls with big tits, geezers with quiffs and hey, even Lemmy from Motorhead hangs out there.

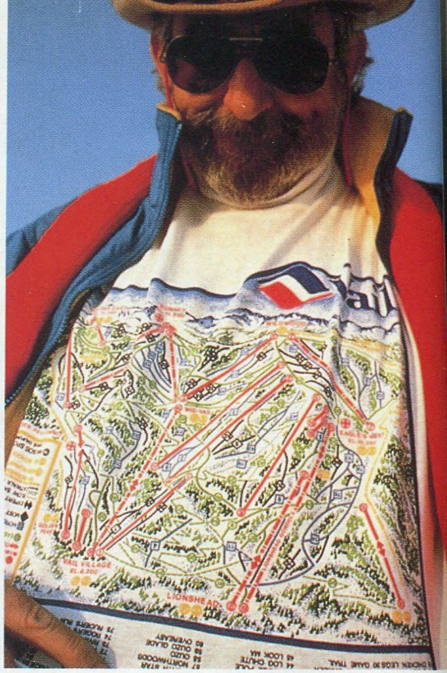
But do you play any Elvis, Jake?

"He's alright. The last concert was good because he died afterwards, but the other ones weren't up to scratch." ♣

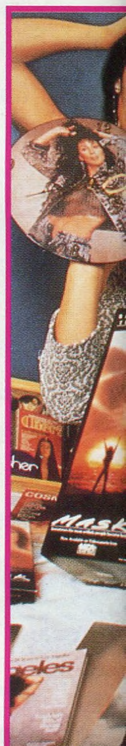
Jake + a girl


Tyrone + his bird.

Tyrone + Jake



GETTING HIS CHER



Nothing gives 30-year-old Javiar Ozuma a big bono like scrawny singer/actress Cher. The sad tosspot from California collects everything to do with her, and has 3,000 pictures, 25 posters, 16 watches and 18 dolls – 12 of which he has made into tasteful table lamps. The Moonstruck looney has all her records, including one called *I Love You, Ringo* released before she met Sonny, her wonderful ex-hubby.

Well, Javiar, Club has got some great news! Stuffed in a sack in the corner of the room getting smelly we have all of Cher's unwanted body parts – her original tits, cheek bones, the lot – without which no Cher collection is complete. Wouldn't they look good hanging in your bedroom, eh? Just make us an offer...♣

PRETTY POLLY

Clothes should make a statement, and Jeff Errick's say, "I'm a twat!" Jeff is the compiler of the first 100% Polyester Shirt Show featuring 600 of the wackiest, tackiest tops from around the world.

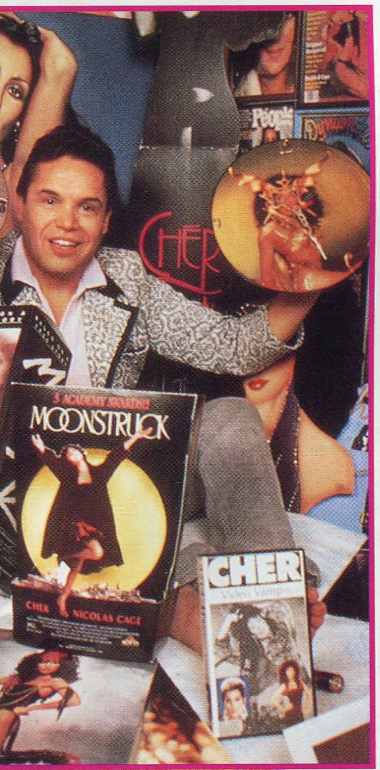
"They're beautiful," says the man-made fibber of his easy-to-iron, crease-resistant collection. As well as offering garish designs, the exhibition will appeal to the blind as well. The non-breathing nature of the fabric means that there are no less than twelve hundred reeking armpits for the partially-sighted to revel in.

Of course, one advantage of a polyester exhibition is that it is cheap to run. The room's lighting and heating

SHIRT LIFTERS

So you're halfway up the Lake District's Scaffenbaffenthwaite Fell in a force twelve blizzard and two-foot drifts of dead ramblers. The ice is growing on your groin – and you're lost. So what do you do? Strip down to your underwear, of course...

That's what the stupid makers of the tee-shirt map would have us believe. In a hurricane force wind with horizontal rain, you simply undo your kagoul and anorak, take off your 20 jumpers and thick thermal woollen shirts and consult the map of the area printed the wrong way up on your thin cotton top. Hypothermia comes as standard. Great idea – not! Buy one now and get a starring role in Michael Buerk's 999 – as the victim! ♣



is provided by static electricity from the machine-washable shirts themselves. Jeff's new book – a collection of washing instructions from 1970 to the present day – is expected to be released in ten volumes in 1998. ♣

READERS' LIVES

Being in bed with two girls at once isn't always the best thing that can happen to a bloke, as our Hangover Correspondent, **Gavin Porter**, discovered...

It was a low point. It was a bright spring morning. But that was all that was bright. My head felt like a sack of mouldy spuds and the inside of my mouth tasted so disgusting it was almost nice. You know the way. I had been partying. I had copped off with absolutely no-one. I had however brought two attractive young Australian women back to my brand new pad. But in that ever-so-stylish way I have, I had been so fucked out of my head that I was unable to focus properly let alone make any debonair moves on them. It was 9am, and only the pain of my hangover had woken me.

The two girls had tucked themselves up with my spare duvet in the front room, and I had passed out fully-dressed the wrong way up on my bed. I had taken a few lines of whizz throughout the evening and as a result had done a Merson and drunk about 80,000 pints. Waking up was not good.

I was woken up by one of the young women standing facing my wardrobe completely naked, dripping from the shower she had obviously helped herself to. I ran my eyes along her raunch-up of a figure. "My God," I mumbled. "What's happened?"

She turned to look at me. "It was a great night, Gavin," she said. "You were fantastic."

"What at?" I asked confused.

I had no idea what she was going on about. Did she mean we had sex? Was she taking the piss? Where was her mate? Nightmare upon nightmare, maybe I had and I'd missed it! Surely not, this was the first sex I'd had, or thought I'd had, for about eight months. I can't have missed it.

Gravity was turned up very high. I could hardly lift my head from the bed. I looked up and saw her friend, also absolutely stark naked. It was the horniest thing that had ever happened to me but I was so ill I couldn't even raise a hard-on. There I was with two cute naked women in my bedroom and I couldn't get it up. I couldn't even remember either of their names. I did remember how we had got home... in their funky Australian travelling van thing. Bloody huge it was. But most of all I couldn't remember having sex – after all I was still fully clothed.

"I put your clothes on because I thought you'd get cold," said the first temptress. I tried to get up but any movement of my head made me feel sick. For the first time in my life I had taken part in a romp session yet had no memory of it whatsoever. I cursed the drugs and booze and that dodgy crisp I had in the pub before we went clubbing. I decided firm action needed to be taken. I wasn't missing out on this. I wanted sex, I wanted my share.

I beckoned the temptress over. Her friend had disappeared but all well and good. I tried to look cool despite a strong resemblance to Jabba the Hut. I wiped the crusty spittle away from the corner of my mouth and put my arm around her. We kissed. She seemed up for it but kept glancing up to the door. I thought she was worried her friend would see us. Then suddenly she whipped off my kecks and climbed on board.

This was the first sex I'd had in six months. Surely I couldn't have missed it!

I was pinned to the bed by this voluptuous Oz beauty fucking what was left of the life out of me. Fortunately my dick was almost up to the task and she was doing all the moving. She would keep glancing towards the door though. It was a tad off-putting. Then I heard her friend shout "Okay Susie." I took no notice I was near to combusting and I didn't care. Having come I found myself with even less energy. She lent over and kissed me on the mouth. I passed out again.

It was four o'clock when I woke up again. My trousers were around my ankles and my bed was a mess. I reached over for my watch, but I must have left it somewhere daft. For some reason there was only six pence on my bedside table. I must have put my watch and wallet down together. I managed to stand up. My wardrobes were wide open... and empty. Where were all my clothes? What had I done with them? They must be in the wash.

Now you may find this hard to believe but half an hour later I was still walking around the flat going, "Where did I put my CDs? In fact, where is my CD player? Where is my coat? Where is my Sega? Where is my cat Leonard?" I finally twigged when I realised that I used to have a carpet and a sofa.

The girls! THEY'VE NICKED MY FLAT!!! I rushed to the door. There was a note pinned to it.

Dear Gavin,
Thanks for furnishing our new flat. Thanks for the drugs. Lots of love, Susie and Ada
P.S. Was that your dick or your little finger?

I couldn't phone the police. Apart from the fact that they had nicked my phone the only things left behind were my dope plants and my Eric Cantona poster. Now this... this was a fucking low point. ♣

tina hayes

sex babe!

Photographs by Maria Clarke

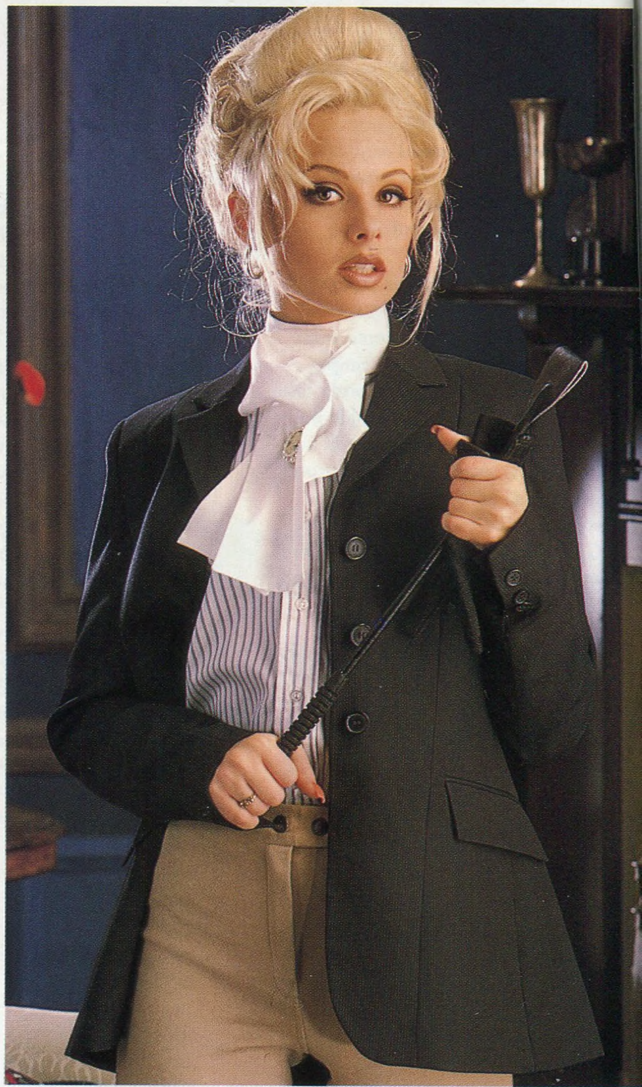
Hi guys! Thanks for all your recent, raunchy letters. Quite a few of you suggested I take the bit between my teeth, pick up a whip and experience the thrill of having a powerful beast between my legs. So, yes, I decided a long, hot ride would be a good idea, and pulled on a pair of skin-tight jodhpurs and long boots and prepared to mount.

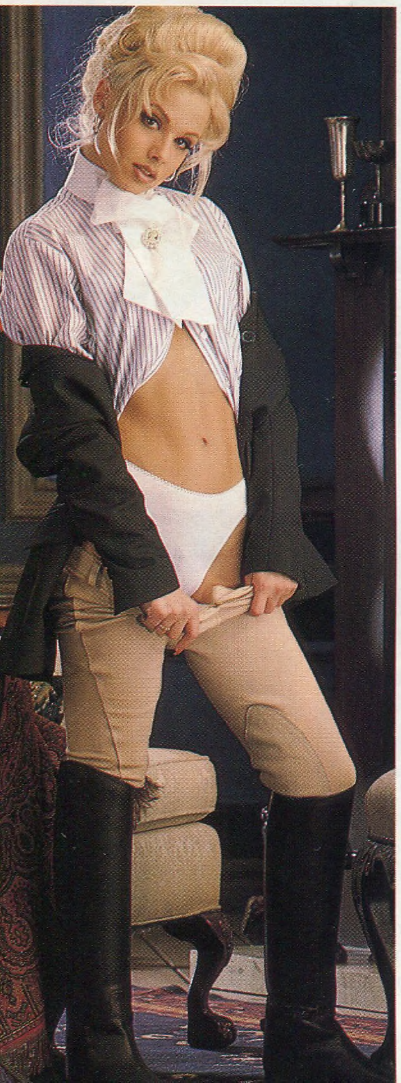
Now, many men have asked if riding turns a girl on and I'd be the first to admit that it does. The feeling of leather squeaking between my thighs soon has me panting, ready to spend all day up there wielding a whip and urging my mount to greater efforts. When I've had enough of sailing over triple bars, improving my haunches or practising the extended canter, I cool down and get ready to dismount.

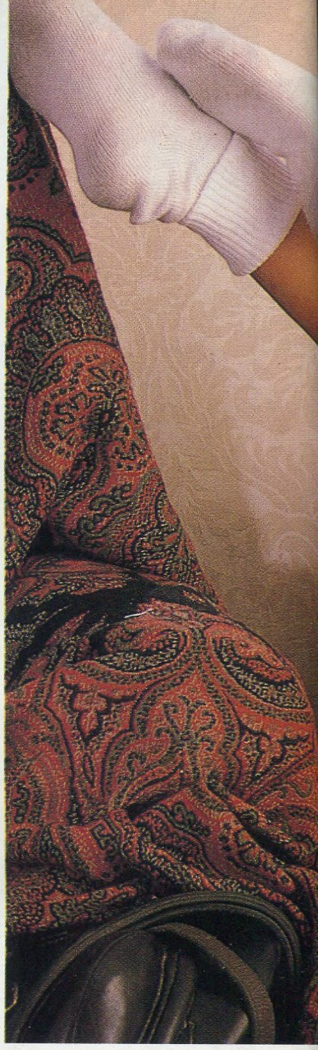
After a full day at the stables my clit is usually throbbing and I stagger home, hot and flushed, with extremely sore thighs. Mind you, it's not the riding that exhausts me, it's the roll in the hay afterwards with a horny stable boy (or girl!) that leaves me with legs trembling. I hope you'll be able to saddle up and ride with me soon as my seat always needs working on...

Tina xx

If you want TINA to fulfil your fantasy, then write to her at: Club International, 2 Archer Street, London W1V 8JJ. If you'd like a signed photo, include a large stamped self-addressed envelope.







letters to tina

Dear Tina,
I'm a 21-year-old woman and I couldn't resist writing in to Club and telling you my fantasy. My name is Louise and I've been going out with my boyfriend, Steve, for three years. We're uninhibited when it comes to sex, although there is one fantasy that we have yet to fulfil... and that's where you come in, Tina.

We'd love to have a threesome with another girl, and our fantasies boiled over when we saw the pictures of you with Jacqui in the latest issue of Club (Vol 24 No 2). It was the sexiest set of pictures that we have ever seen; I loved the way Jacqui poured champagne all over your pussy – I just wish I was there to lick it all off again!

I dream of running my tongue over your breasts, Tina, then kissing my way down to your pussy. The musky smell fills my nostrils and I push my tongue deep inside your wet hole, before you manoeuvre us into a 69 position and we feverishly lick each other's pussy. Steve would join in on the action too, holding onto your hips and eagerly fucking you from behind until you were begging him to come. Once he's satisfied you then he'd start on me, fucking me with long deep strokes until he filled my cunt with delicious spunk. Oooh, heaven – a sweet tasting cunt in my mouth and a hot dick pumping in and out of my pussy! What more could a girl ask for, Tina? – *Annabel, Lincoln*

That sexy fantasy of yours sounds almost too good to be true, Annabel! Since my clit-licking session with Jacqui (oooh, and not forgetting Erin too!) I've realised how sexy a woman's touch really is. There's something very special about having sex with another girl, although I have to admit that I'll never be able to give up cock. It's no problem though – I'll just take both and double my fun!

Dear Tina,
Just a quick note to say thanks for the unbelievably horny pics of you getting to grips with Jacqui in the

latest issue of Club (Vol 24 No 2). I've never seen anything quite like it, and I hope that we'll be seeing a lot more pictures like that!

When I voted for Jacqui as Girl of the Year, I never imagined in my wildest dreams that she'd be pairing up with Club's regular girl for a mindblowing set of pictures. The two of you looked as horny as hell, and you can obviously tell from the pictures that you were both very turned on during the shoot. Am I right?

Please, Tina, let's see even more pictures of you getting it together with other women – you'd make me (and about a million other readers) very, very happy! – *Jack, Orpington*

Well, Jack, I'm very pleased that you got as much pleasure from seeing the pics as I did from doing the shots. And, yes, Jacqui and I were incredibly aroused during the shoot – I'm glad you could see that in the photos. There's no doubting that Jacqui's a very sexy girl and it was my pleasure (and hers too!) to do the photographs. Keep those letters coming in, fellas...

Tina ♣

Photographs by Bob Twigg

evie & sara

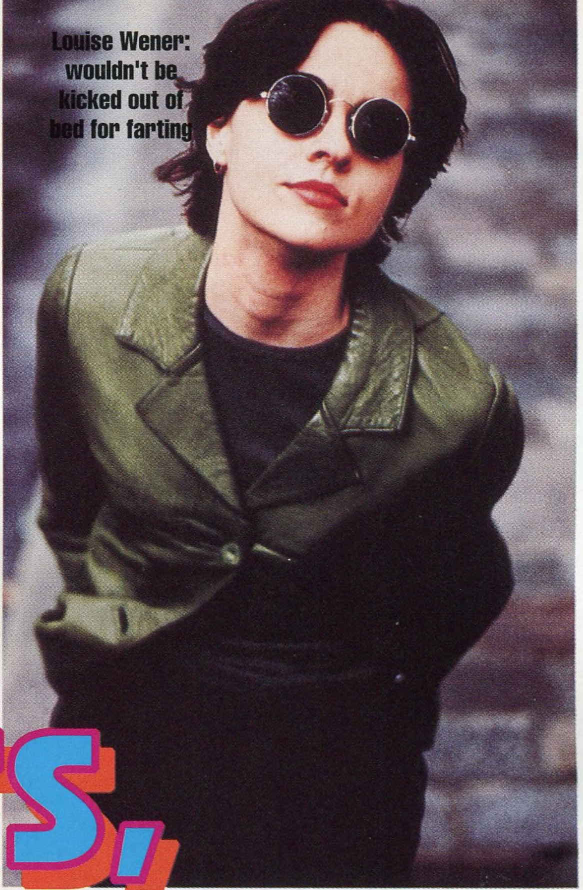
Easy-going Evie is fast becoming Club's resident perv! When we last saw her she was looking bossy and glossy in skintight plastic. Now she's gone bi – and joined saucy Sarah for an itty-bit of clitty licking! The 21-year-old bonking bank clerk from Leeds said she's always had a secret desire to share her bed with a woman. "I've wanted to feel soft female hands on my boobs and a

gentle tongue on my pussy for ages," she says softly. "And it was even better than I'd imagined. Sarah knew exactly how to have my cunt running like a tap. But I could never be a full-time lezzie, 'cos as soon as she got me hot I fancied a cock! Sarah and a well-hung fella – now that really would be perfect!"♣

HITS, TITS, LIPS AND POWER!

Set the controls for planet babe, says space cadet **James T Bone,** as he soars through the pop cosmos in search of exciting, new female forms...

After last month's tirade by yours truly against the numskull blokes currently clogging up the music scene, this month I thought it was only fair to give the girls a fair crack of the whip (*Ooooh, yes please. Especially if it's Donna from Elastica... – The Ed*). Gone are the days when a flash of Bonnie Tyler's thigh sent the nation's adolescents into a wanking frenzy, or when a pic of Toyah Wilcox above a teenager's bed was a sign of impending puberty. Yep, these days it's the girls who are wearing the biggest boots and playing the coolest music. And, of course, it's a cheap excuse for us to print loads of pictures of gorgeous women who we fancy...


Louise Wener: wouldn't be kicked out of bed for farting

- We all know about **Elastica**, that three-girls-and-a-boy band who kick serious ass and have released a string of fabulously addictive singles. They've got their debut album coming out in a few weeks, but Elastica are just the tip of a very sexy iceberg...

- Current faves at the Club offices are **Sleeper**, fronted by mega-babe Louise Wener. They've released three singles to date, the last of which, *Inbetweener*, crashed into the Top 20 and saw luscious Louise swinging her hips and getting on down on *Top Of The Pops*. It was a sight that will stay with me until... er, the next time the band appear on the programme. Their album, *Smart*, hits the shop later this month and includes an earlier single, *Delicious*, that includes the rather raunchy lyrics: "Let's go to bed until we make each other sore." Sounds fine by me, Louise, your place or mine?

- There's no doubt that you'll be hearing a lot more of **Echobelly**, the sparkling guitar band fronted by Sonya Madan. This is a woman with an irresistible combination of both brains and beauty, and she sings for one of the most exciting pop bands in the country. What more could you ask for? Check out their long player, *Everyone's Got One*, and let that Tate & Lyle of a sugar-smooth voice take you to new unexperienced heights of delirium. Probably.

- Of course it isn't all big boots and loud guitars – as one **Vanessa Mae** proves perfectly. The 16-year-old violin virtuoso is half-Thai, half-Chinese... and 100% gorgeous! Okay, so classical music may not exactly be our cup of tea, but if it makes it any easier just imagine that you're a Stradivarius tucked under Vanessa's small but perfectly-formed chin as you listen to her album, *The Violin Player*. Lovely.

Sonya Madan: belly for you

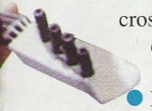
Vanessa Mae: take it away, gorgeous

● At the Editor's insistence (again), here comes this month's obligatory mention of Donna from Elastica. It has come to our attention that nobody here actually seems to know her surname. She's either known as Donna Elastica (*NME, Melody Maker*), Donna Whatisname (*Smash Hits*) or Donna Sex Kitten (Club's Editor). So, if any of you people out there know her second name, drop us a line and put the fucking Ed out of his misery. Please.

JON OF THE PLEASED WIMMIN
PASSION

Jon Pleased Wimmin: big girl's blouse

● After his/her appearance in our club guide last year, it's good to see that top DJ and glamourpuss, **Jon Of The Pleased Wimmin**, has finally got around to releasing another record. It's called *Passion*, and as you'd expect it's a real hands-in-the-air anthem that has been rocking some of the country's coolest dancefloors. Looks like it could be a huge crossover hit for the cross dresser...



● Finally, I have some sad news for music lovers out there: **Duran Duran** are back with a new album. Entitled *Thank You*, it's a collection of covers selected by the band. And, yes, it's as dreadful as it sounds.

Massacring classics such as The Doors' *Crystal Ship*, Grandmaster Flash's *White Lines* and Public Enemy's *911 Is A Joke*, it has to be the biggest load of self-indulgent dog's cock I've ever heard.

Explaining the reasoning behind the choice of a Public Enemy song, Simon Le Blob said, "John Taylor chose it because it's a great song and it made him laugh thinking how many people it might piss off." Ha-fucking-ha, stop it you're killing me, you fat cunt. Bye for now. ♣

dani

Photographs by
John Graham

It's Dani bare! No, not *The Word*'s witless wench but a blonde beauty with a real brain. The Cardiff cutie has a degree in psychology and claims that she can read the mind of any fella chatting her up. "Body language gives you away, guys," claims the 22-year-old. "You start by licking your lips a lot. Oh, and you get a bloody great bulge in your trousers!"

But Dani doesn't want an intellectual in between the sheets. "There are better things to do than discuss bloody Freud," she says.

Like what, Dani?

"Slow, sensual sex with lots of licking and kissing," she purrs, "and if you could get a BSc in blow-jobs I'd have passed that with Honours too!"♣

continued from page 5

that I'd be writing in with my own confession. However, that all changed when I met a cracking redhead called Mandy...

I met her at the drama classes I started attending last month and we hit it off on the first night. Well, to be more accurate she threw herself at me, trotting up to me on her high heels and saying with a cheeky wink, "Do you come, er... often?"

Talk about a come on, I'd never heard anything like it! Mandy even asked me to go for a drink after the class had finished. Once we were in the pub, it became obvious that drinking was the last thing on Mandy's mind as she sat opposite me and began rubbing her feet against my thighs. So when she asked me back to her place for a coffee I wasn't about to say no!

As soon as we got through the front door, she dragged me towards the bedroom and then began stripping slowly and seductively. I sat on the edge of the bed completely gobsmacked as she dropped her skirt to the floor and I saw that she wasn't wearing any knickers. She moved closer towards me and then threw herself beside me on the bed. "Come on then, Mick," she whispered, "dive in..."

I was on top of her in a flash, unbuttoning her blouse and unclasping her bra. Her boobs were magnificent, big, firm and irresistible, and I began sucking hard on her thick nipples. Mandy reached down, unzipped my trousers and pulled out my cock and began wanking me off. I had a hard-on like never before and I was certain I'd come in seconds, but Mandy was an expert and controlled the pace perfectly.

"I reckon we're both ready for a good fuck now," she panted, pushing me onto my back and climbing on top of me. Grabbing a firm hold of my cock, she lowered herself onto me and we began fucking energetically.

continued on page 90

bill and zed's excellent venture

Naked girls, Elvis and Dumbo all star in Zodiac Mindwarp and ex-KLF man Bill Drummond's new book. **Babs Hall** met Bill and Zed to find out if *The Bible Of Dreams* is art or wank

"Three fucking whores wouldn't have me," moans Zed, previously known as Zodiac Mindwarp. I'm not surprised. He looks like an old raver with chewed hair and a dodgy hat, but he's looked worse.

"I was on tour and I hadn't had a bath in two months. I'd found these clothes on the ferry over and I was wandering round Amsterdam dressed as a chef and I fancied a Chinese girl.

"Anyway, I walked up and knocked on the window. This Chinese girl closed the curtains. I thought, 'This is weird, maybe it's her lunchbreak,' so I wandered off to the next one and she shook her head. I was pretty pissed off by this time, y'know. I thought, 'You're supposed to shag cripples. What's wrong with me?' And then the third one did the same. I was fuming."

Oh, the trials of life on the road. "It kills you," protests Zed. "Imagine going to a party every night for three months." Sounds pretty good, actually.

"It's not. Think what it's like watching someone clip their nostril hair every morning. It's hell. You're not on a planet, you're on a spaceship."

Okay, so exactly how is life on the tour ship then?

"I had 12 hours a day to kill so I went around art galleries and all these European porn shops. Then I started looking at the pictures like they were art, not just like 'Fucking hell – look at the state of that!' Then I started chopping up the mags and made *The Bible Of Dreams* (Curfew Press, £500). I never intended it to be published."

There are other ways to pass the time. Like groupies, perhaps?

"Groupies are very similar to magazines, actually. You don't have to chat them up. You just have to select one. Onstage you point your torch at the women and nod to your roadie. They usually miss the right girl and I end up with some big, fat pig. A pig in lipstick. After three weeks you don't really care.

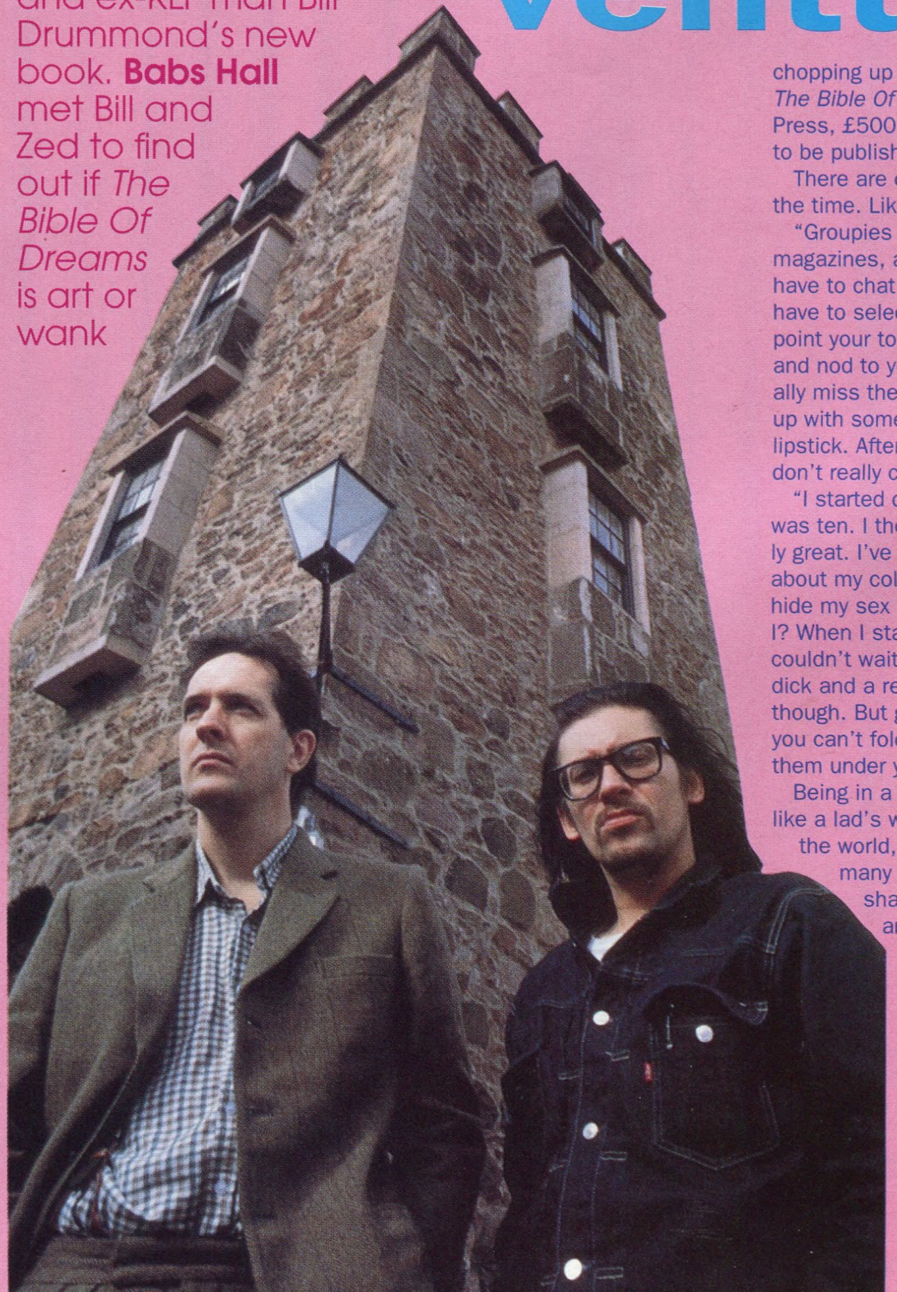
"I started on sex mags when I was ten. I thought they were really great. I've always been brazen about my collection. I don't try to hide my sex mags – why should I? When I started reading them I couldn't wait to get hairs on my dick and a real girl. Good practice though. But girls are strange – you can't fold them up and put them under your pillow."

Being in a rock group sounds like a lad's wet dream – travelling the world, unlimited beer, as many babes as you can shag. So what's Zed and Bill's idea of a proper lad?

"Never read a book. Ever," says Zed.

"Never leave your estate," says Bill.

"Never leave your street," sighs Zed. "And don't end up like us."



They refuse to say how many of the 200 copies of *Bible Of Dreams* have been sold, though they claim to have reached double figures. What's next for Drummond's own Curfew Press?

"*Lighthouse At The Top Of The World*," mumbles Bill. "It's a book about a journey me and Zed took to the North Pole with a picture of Elvis."

"Then it's *Birds*," grins Zed, "a 'women I have shagged' book."

While adding to his fucking-tally and rocking out around Europe, Zed amassed a stash of hardcore porn but some of it raised nothing more than a snigger...

"Some of the stuff's bloody terrifying," he says. "I've been into some shops that scared the shit out of me. But I have noticed that pornography changes from country to country. Different strokes for different folks. England's all that S&M shit. As for Germany...

"We got this hardcore vid on the tourbus. My tour manager made me watch it and I was sick. Then I thought 'I won't let this bastard beat me' so I went and watched it backwards and that was okay. There should be an organisation called Tuggers Lib to make sure all magazines are as good as *Club* 'cos us wankers are totally ripped off."

But *The Bible Of Dreams* sells for £500.

"That's what it cost us to make," says Bill. "We wanted to make a great book. There's a lot more in it than pornography."

Like Dumbo, Tom & Jerry, Elvis... ♣

CLUB TEEN DREAM•SEXSATION!

Linsey

Photographs by Joanie Allum

MUM

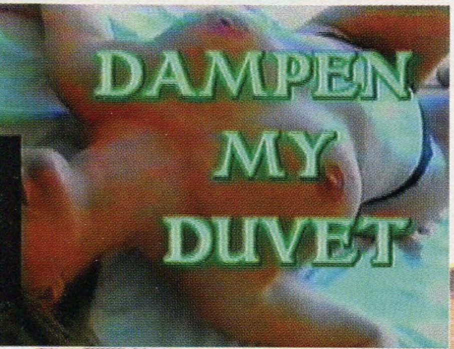
Wild at HEART

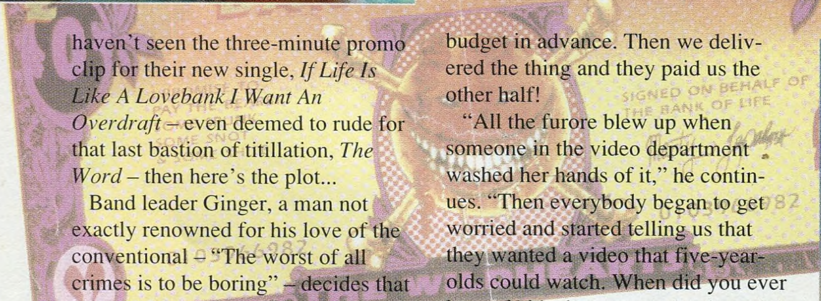
Britain's top rock bad boys The Wildhearts have a steamy video out to promote their new single. Shame then it's been banned. Club's **Howard Johnson** talks to mainman Ginger, while we have an exclusive hand shandy over the vid...

Oh Cum All Ye Faithful, Poke My Onions, Floppy Goose Flaps, Hungry Pussy, Dampen My Duvet, Into The Toolshed. No, these aren't a selection of the stiffy-inducing catch-phrases that you might find towards the back of this esteemed organ, but sound snatches taken from the fantastic new video from British rock band The Wildhearts. For those of you who haven't seen the three-minute promo clip for their new single, *If Life Is Like A Lovebank I Want An Overdraft* – even deemed to rude for that last bastion of titillation, *The Word* – then here's the plot...

HUNGRY PUSSY
0897 696969

CREAMY
0894 39765




SIGNED ON BEHALF OF THE BANK OF LIFE

Band leader Ginger, a man not exactly renowned for his love of the conventional – "The worst of all crimes is to be boring" – decides that all pop videos are tedious. Roping in a very famous director, revealed only as Phil, he decides to make a new kind of video.

"The ultimate thing to do would be to film a porn video and do it well, do it with an edge," says Ginger. "All the porn videos I've ever seen have been of the 'He gets a blow job, he goes down on the girl, he fucks the girl' variety. I wanted to do something that was for both sexes, that should be for nobody or everybody, depending on your view of porn. The only criterion for the video was that I didn't want any penetration shots, because they're seen as purely for male entertainment. Apart from that, anything goes..."

Ginger and Phil decided it would be amusing to film the sex line-type adverts, adding their own movement to the moist-making slogans. Hence the video, but just how the hell did they manage to convince the record company, EastWest, to stump up the cash for a video that obviously wasn't going to be shown anywhere except in Club's office?

"We told them everything," claims Ginger. "We said that we wanted to film a video based on adult sex lines. They agreed and gave us half the budget in advance. Then we delivered the thing and they paid us the other half!

"All the furore blew up when someone in the video department washed her hands of it," he continues. "Then everybody began to get worried and started telling us that they wanted a video that five-year-olds could watch. When did you ever hear of kids that young phoning adult sex lines? Now there's talk of destroying the uncut version and that's bullshit.

"We just tell it like it is," says Ginger. "We use swear words in our songs and sex scenes in our videos because that's real life. The song is about masturbation, for God's sake! I think we should be hailed for providing educational materials because it shows that people are wising up to AIDS.

"Masturbation makes a lot of sense," says Ginger, warming to the subject. "You can do it on your own, you can do it with a partner, you can do it with loads of people! It's great fun, you can't get hurt and it puts a smile on your face. The worst thing that can happen is that you have to mop it up afterwards. Wanking is great!"

And it seems that there are plenty of people out there who agree with him, judging by the amount of people who turned up for the video shoot.

"There were loads of people who had never been in a video before, who just showed up after the record company put adverts up in Kensington Market. Can you believe the hypocrisy of our record company for doing that?

"Anyway, we had a big room filled with costumes and we just told people to go upstairs, get changed into whatever they fancied and come down and do something. Some people wanted to be provocative and others just wanted to sit there and do nothing. There were women taking off their tops who wanted to have milk squirted over their tits, and some even wanted to whip guys' arses. It was fantastic to see people expressing themselves!"

Madonna would have been proud...

"There was someone who turned up in a metal mask and sat down in front of the camera, lifted up this

skirt-type thing and started wanking! Nobody knew who he was – what are you supposed to say? ‘Stop that! Can you just lick your lips instead?’ Nobody was forced to do anything and everybody had a fun time.”

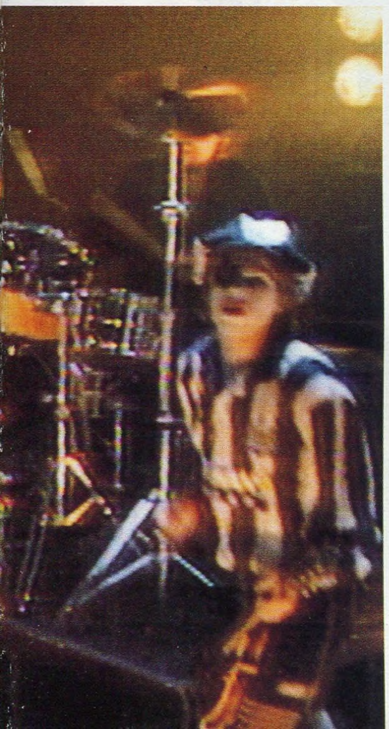
Except the prudes at the record company, of course?

“Well, when we originally sent them a first draft of the video they sent us back a list of stuff that couldn’t go in. We couldn’t have a fat woman, we couldn’t have someone dressed as a fireman and we couldn’t even have a girl dressed as a cat! That’s not censorship, that’s fascism!”

Nor would they allow the scenes involving a chocolate bar and a cheese grater either... but the band sneaked them in anyway! No surprise there then.

“This is our life and we believe passionately in what we do. It means we won’t take shit from anyone. Life’s too short to start taking shit...” Which could neatly lead me onto the story of the record that featured the band’s producer dumping into a pitta bread, but maybe should I should just leave the rest to your imagination..♣

> “Wanking is great. The worst thing that can happen is that you have to mop it up afterwards!”



YOUNG, GIFTED AND SMACK

Visionary performance artist or drug-addicted loser? GG Allin was a bit of both says **Matt Moore**, who looks back at the mad bastard’s short-lived career...

“My message is rebellion, I’m the voice of young America.” He breaks bottles over himself, attacks innocent bystanders, falls over and gets the crap kicked out of him. He eats his own shit and even finds time to throw some of the offending matter at his terrified fans. That’s just on stage too, before the cops – if they haven’t already stopped the gig – bust GG Allin yet again. For over ten years, GG Allin and his constantly changing backing band of cronies took on America. Travelling up and down the country in battered station wagons and Greyhound buses, GG Allin lived with no rules and no limits. Lesser men have been locked up in prison for a similar sense of lust, but fortunately for GG he discovered punk rock. Instead of committing senseless crime, tomorrow’s gig in another shit American town became Allin’s next victim.

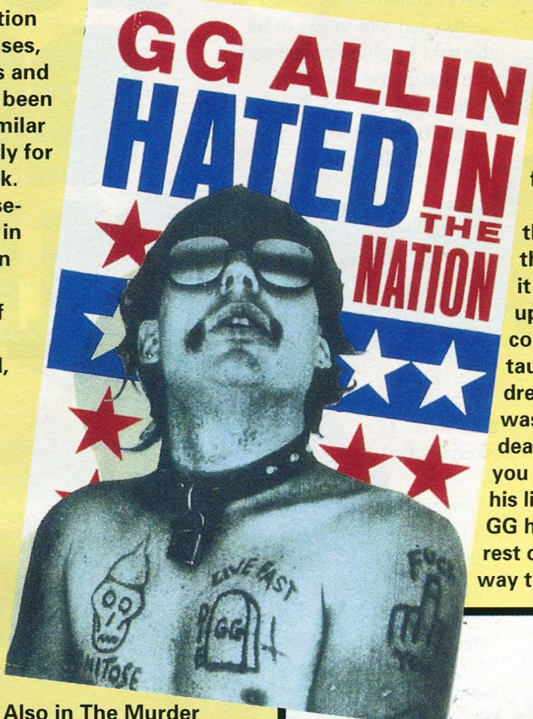
Asked about the threat of AIDS on Chicago student radio in 1988, Allin retorted, “I think it’s great, I really hope I get it.”

Originally Allin never touched drugs. It was only after his brother Merle tucked a tab of acid in the then-teenage GG’s late night donut that his taste for absolutely anything emerged. Merle looks like Adolf Hitler and played guitar in GG’s last backing band, The Murder Junkies. Also in The Murder Junkies was Dino, the notorious naked drummer. Dino once did time for exposing himself to a woman. “I was just teasing her,” Dino explains, seriously.

Prowling the stage, smeared in blood, shit and piss GG spits out a smacked-out rendition of his party anthem, *Drink, Fight And Fuck*, whilst dodging bottles and the big guy five rows back who’s just got a faceful of GG’s pud. Occasionally, the paying audience got the better of GG and would kick the crap out of him, temporarily cutting short his erratic, unpredictable gigs. But as long as GG could crawl, he would be back on stage because Kevin Michael Allin – as he was christened – had no pretty home life to retire to, just another gig and the next motel room or gutter.

Long-time friend of Allin’s, Bloody F. Mess, recalls the great man. “I experienced GG on his US tour in August 1986 – I was the opening act. Lots of blood, violence, nudity, defecation, unconsciousness, puke, emergency room visits, and just plain real ugliness. I experienced the disasters, scars, the gay clubs, the transsexuals, shit odours, long bus rides, public cunnilingus, disillusionment, theft, tension, riots, skins, Nazis, guns and near-death. All in three weeks.”

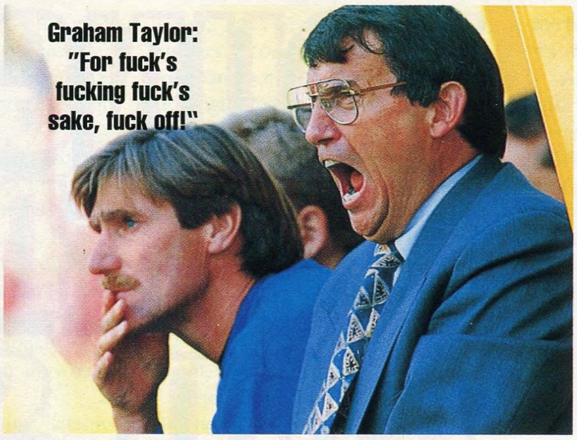
It couldn’t last forever, and whilst GG constantly made half-baked promises about killing himself live on stage, he was eventually stopped by a needleful of heroin after a particularly raucous gig in 1993 at the Gas Station in New York. The gig culminated with GG running naked out onto the street followed by his entire audience, who were in turn hotly pursued by New York City’s finest law enforcers.



The most surprising thing about Allin’s career is that it lasted for as long as it did. For a boy who grew up in a Vermont farming community being constantly taunted by the rednecks for dressing up like a girl, GG was always “better off dead.” Allin’s biggest fuck-you to the people who made his life hell was staying alive. GG has finally bowed to the rest of the world. But what a way to go! ♣

GOALS, GAFFS AND GOBBLEDYGOOK

Left footer **Maurice Short** examines the complete cak talked by football managers and poses the question, Terry Venables: Messiah or moron?



Graham Taylor: "For fuck's fucking fuck's sake, fuck off!"

"What I said at half-time is unprintable on the radio," Gerry Francis informed Radio 5 Live listeners after a recent Spurs match. On the same day Leicester City supremo Mark McGhee delivered the view: "We will finish, I believe, a lot closer to the team in fifth bottom place than we are at the moment. Whether we finish close enough to be above them, I really don't know."

All of which gobbledygook serves to prompt the age old question: What exactly do football managers do? Over the past decade or so we've seen enough television fly-on-the-wall documentaries about soccer to form an opinion on key assets of some of the nation's top bosses. Malcolm Allison, for example, wore big hats and swore a lot. On the other hand, Graham Taylor wore a trench coat and swore a lot; while Sheffield United's Dave Basset simply swore a lot. How these individuals actually influenced events on the pitch remains a mystery.

Gerry Francis: talking shirt

Or it did until recently when an answer came to me from a peculiar source. Remember Luton Town's rampaging Danish striker Lars Elstrup? Well, after a successful spell with The Hatters he returned to Denmark and retired from football to join a religious cult, The Wild Goose Movement. Asked how the bustling centre-forward was fitting in, the cult's leader told reporters, "He fits in very well. You know, new religious movements and professional football are two sides of the same coin."

At first this seems like a barmy statement of Icke-size proportions, but after a bit of thought I could see it was the solution to all our problems. Football clubs are like a new religion and managers are the cult leaders. It doesn't matter how loopy their ideas may seem; as long as their followers (the players) believe in them, that's all that matters.

A while back I met a retired sports journalist who'd been based in the North West throughout his career. He got talking about Bill 'Because I've had no education I've had to rely on my brains' Shankly. "The great thing with Shanks," he said, "was that he had this incredible conviction. In his own mind he was always right so he convinced everyone else he was right too.

"I always remember during his time at Workington Town, going to a press conference and Shanks walked in with this lanky young lad. "Gentlemen," he said, "I want you to meet the future England goalkeeper." Now Shanks genuinely believed that this lad was going to be the next England goalie and he persuaded everyone, including the lad. For a season that keeper was brilliant."

"What happened after that?" I asked excitedly.

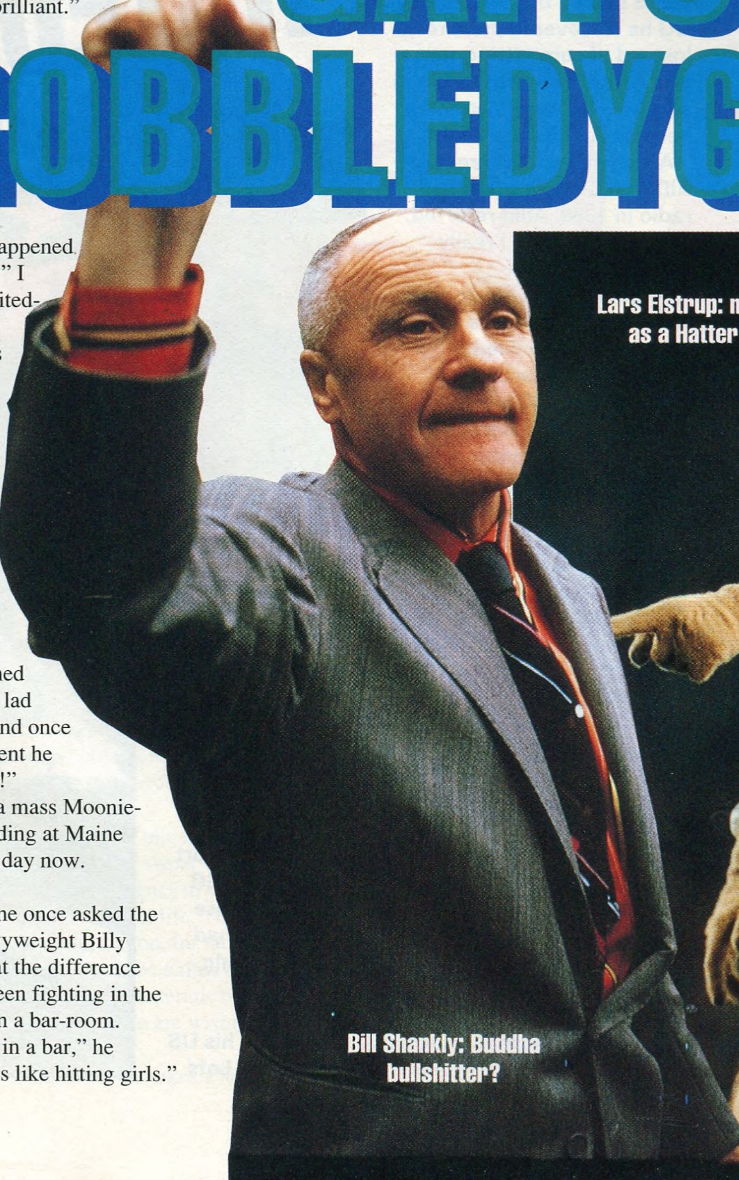
"Shanks left the club," the old hack said, "and two years later the lad was back in parks football. Bill had brainwashed him. That lad was shit and once Shanks went he realised it!"

Expect a mass Moonie-style wedding at Maine Road any day now.

● Someone once asked the light-heavyweight Billy Conn what the difference was between fighting in the ring and in a bar-room. "Fighting in a bar," he replied, "is like hitting girls."

These words came to mind after the death in January of the great Argentinean middleweight Carlos Monzon. Monzon was rated as one of the best pound-for-pound fighters the World has ever known. He lost only three times in over a hundred bouts and retired as undisputed Champion of the world. But Monzon also had a volcanic temper. After an incident in which his girlfriend died, he ended up in jail for manslaughter. While Monzon was serving his sentence he was visited in prison by the actor Mickey Rourke and a film crew.

Now Rourke has always fancied himself as a bit of a hard man, the result, perhaps, of spending too much time with the tough guys of Tinseltown. To prove his machismo Rourke even took part in a few professional boxing bouts a couple of years back – though reports suggest these had about the same violence quotient as a

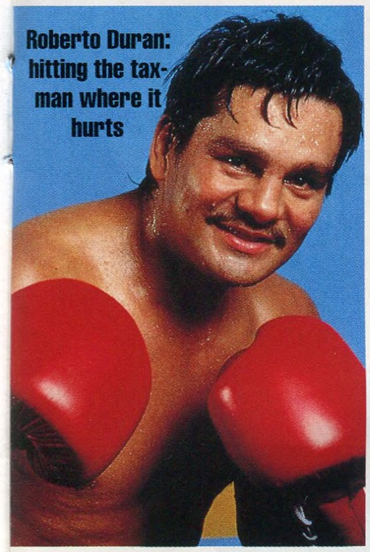


Bill Shankly: Buddha bullshitter?

Lars Elstrup: mad as a Hatter

jumble sale. Armed with this wealth of fighting experience and an ego the size of Alaska, Rourke swapped stories with Monzon and then asked to spar with him.

Perhaps the great man had been convinced by Rourke's yarns that he was getting in the ring with a pro, or maybe he was just fed up with the big-headed gringo. Whatever, the bout is reputed to have lasted about fifteen seconds, the last ten of which involved the time-keeper counting over Rourke's prone body. The film crew were allegedly so delighted that they took a few Polaroids of the unconscious former-megastar which they later sold for $1,000 a pop.



Roberto Duran: hitting the taxman where it hurts

● Think you've got a lousy job? It could be worse. You could be an American IRS employee. A few years back the American taxmen sent a rebate of $3 million to boxer Roberto Duran. Two months later they realised they'd made a massive over-payment, so they sent an agent down to Florida to ask old 'Hands of Stone' for the money back. Imagine being that poor bastard, eh? "Mr Duran. Could we have our $3 million back please? Oh, you spent it. Well, never mind! Let's just forget about it..."

● Top soccer chant of the month goes to fans from Airdrie who apparently serenade visiting supporters with their own version of Ralph McTell's *Streets Of London*: "Let me take you by the hand and lead you through the streets of Airdrie. I'll show you something that might stamp on your head." Nice one. ♣

Photographs by Bob Twigg

sara

"The trouble with me," says 18-year-old sex-kitten Sarah, "is that every time I have a few drinks I get randy as hell and jump on the first guy who comes along. It's got me into some pretty embarrassing situations. Only last Saturday I woke up with a hangover between two fellas and didn't have a clue who the fuck they were. All I knew was that I was naked, they were naked and I had spunk all over my face! I'd obviously had a pretty good time with them. I just wish that I could remember

Made
In
Heaven

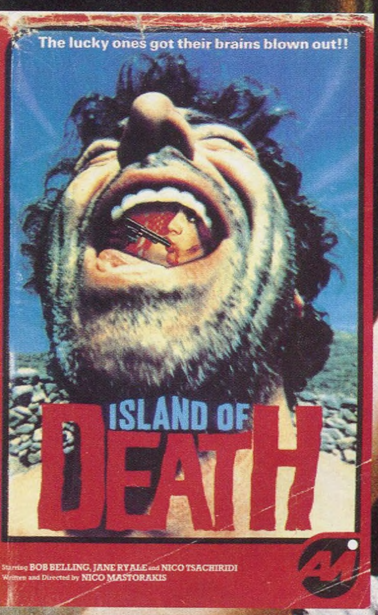
what we'd done!

"I even woke up with a girl in my bed one morning. I knew who she was though – my mate Liz. Apparently I'd had a few too many in the pub and, since there weren't any decent blokes around, I'd dragged her between the sheets to give me a good seeing to instead. But everything turned out alright in the end. When I told Liz I couldn't remember what had happened she insisted on licking me out again!" ♣

WANTO
DEBAUCHER

Dominick
L.A. an
O.J. Obsess

club
sarah


The lucky ones got their brains blown out!!
ISLAND OF DEATH
Starring BOB BELLING, JANE RYALE and NICO TSACHIRIDI
Written and Directed by NICO MASTORAKIS

geek power

Geek or genius? Matt Moore delves into movie maker Quentin Tarantino's sleazy couch potato past and wonders if he really deserves all this arse-kissing he gets

It's not a startling revelation, but Quentin Tarantino is a geek. It's not a big deal, so are a lot of people, it's just most of them can't get away from wanking long enough to make a movie. Quentin did. He's now described as a 'genius.'

I admit it, I too was a teenage Heavy Metal fan with social problems, a sad Satan fixation, hairy palms, acne and a greasy penchant for films such as *Cannibal Holocaust* (but fortunately I don't make movies). In light of Tarantino's recent success and Beavis and Butthead, it nearly sounds cool now, but until recently this sort of pulp fiction has been the exclusive mainstay of boring geeks.

Through Tarantino's astounding success over the past two years and his films' incestuous references to all his own favourite movies, it's hardly surprising that many elements of film that traditionally were the privileges of sad geeks behind the blinds are now enjoyed by far wider audiences at the local Odeon.

Pulp fiction is a loose term for cheap (at the time) throw-away fiction that emerged as magazines at the start of the century, as printing became more accessible. As the cinema developed and barriers (economical and, erm, moral) were challenged it was inevitable that pulp fiction would crawl into the cinema.

Fast forward to 1972. *Deep Throat*, directed by Gerard Damiano, is released in New York. *Deep Throat* was the first sex for nookie's sake movie. Damiano's film tells the story of a woman who has the good (mis) fortune to be born with a clitoris in her throat.

Deep Throat, or at least the publicity and controversy it attracted, smashed the floodgates for the next ten years. In retrospect, its influence was immense; beavers, tits and roundabout sleaze and perversion were for many movie geeks (predominantly male, both producers and viewers) integral to good pulp fiction throughout the 70s and early 80s.

The New York Ripper, directed by respected Italian director Lucio Fulci is a great example of pulp fiction combining a good ratio of sex, violence and ham acting. Set in New York (obviously), the film follows a mystery killer who talks like a duck and preys on high-class women who behave like whores. In one particularly memorable scene, a victim's eye is dissected by a razor blade. This obviously caused particular distress amongst Fulci's critics. *The New York Ripper* has even been targeted by misled authorities as a so-called 'snuff' film. The grounds for this accusation are, of course, complete rubbish. Underground hero Fulci has been responsible for many other great titles including the critically acclaimed *Zombie Flesh Eaters*, *House By The Cemetery* and *The Beyond* (also known as *The Gates Of Hell*).

Reputedly one of Tarantino's favourite cannibal movies, *Cannibal Holocaust* was released in 1979. Directed by Ruggero Deodato, the film relates the story of a three-man, one-woman all-American documentary team that has gone on an expedition into the jungles of South America. They set fire to the natives, kill wild animals (this is actually for real in the film), and behave like assholes. It's inevitable that they're going to die. The American woman gets bludgeoned whilst the rest of the Stars-and-Stripes-waving gang get brutally slaughtered.

Other titles that flooded this predominantly Italian gang of films were *Eaten Alive*, *Cannibal God* and *Cannibal Ferox* which reaches a particularly dramatic climax when a jungle explorer has his penis hacked off and devoured before his very eyes.

The House At The Edge Of The Park was a direct take on Wes Craven's *Last House On The Left*, which incidentally was also a tribute to the affectionately-titled *Virgin Spring*. The predominant theme throughout all these films is brutal violence and revenge. *The House At The Edge Of The Park* is particularly disturbing. Two nutters crash a poncey party, engage in various acts of torture and then, 90 minutes later, two nutters die violently.

The House At The Edge Of The Park

Christopher and Celia arrive on the Greek island of Myconos for a quiet winter vacation. They seem such a nice handsome couple, and they are so in love. We soon discover that the couple are actually sick and perverted, especially Christopher who, in between sex, thinks he has the divine right to punish perversion. Welcome to Nico Mastorakis' *Island Of Death*.

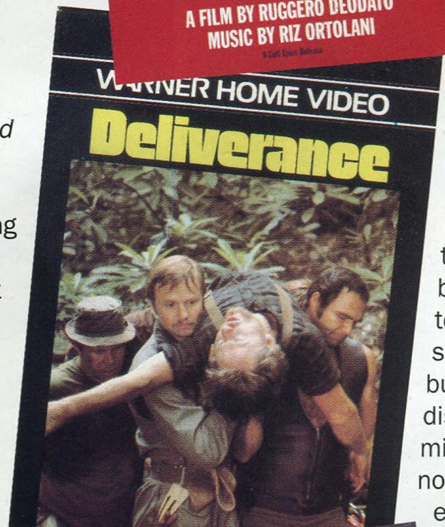
A good ratio of sex, violence and ham acting

Complimented by an unconvincing cast of cronies, one 'dirty' pervert is forced to drink white wash until he chokes on his own blood, another victim is burned to death, and one poor bloke is even crucified. All this and an unmemorable, irrelevant goat shagging scene.

"THE ACTORS AND ACTRESSES WHO DEDICATED THEIR LIVES TO MAKING THIS FILM WERE NEVER SEEN OR HEARD FROM AGAIN"

Snuff was the original movie that invented the fabled 'snuff' myth. It was released in New York in 1975 to predictable controvery but, of course, it's just a movie. But a none-the-less good enough gimmick to ensure that an otherwise forgettable, crap film is still the focus of attention even now.

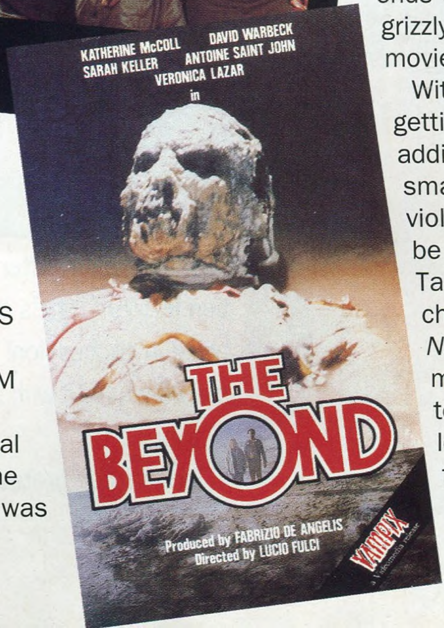
Cult Epics presents
UNCUT VERSION
Cannibal Holocaust
THE MOTHER OF ALL CANNIBAL MOVIES
A FILM BY RUGGERO DEODATO
MUSIC BY RIZ ORTOLANI



Whilst backed by the mighty Warner Brothers and not made in Europe, *Deliverance* (starring Burt Reynolds and Jon Voight) released in 1972 was a disturbing take on America's deep South. Four all-American geezers decide to get at one with the outdoors and sail down the Mississippi. Led by the gung-ho Lewis (Reynolds) their feet-first American ways soon ensure trouble, culminating in what still is one of the most chilling portayals of male rape on film. ("Squeal like a pig, boy!")

Necromantik is a great film. Directed by Jorg Buttgereit, a graduate from the Dutch art underground, the story follows a young man who works at the morgue. Wanting to put a little excitement back into their bed, Robert (our hero) brings a fresh corpse home to share with the wife. The sex is great whilst it lasts, but eventually – to the dismay of Robert – his missus runs off with the, by now rotting, corpse. The film ends with a particularly grizzly suicide. A great movie to drink beer to.

With Tarantino gradually getting his audience addicted to a diet of smack, guns and ultra-violence, how long will it be before we see a Tarantino 'tongue-in-cheek' tribute to *Necromantik*? In the meantime, I'll bow to a ten million dollar lesbian Nazi cannibal fest starring Madonna... ♣



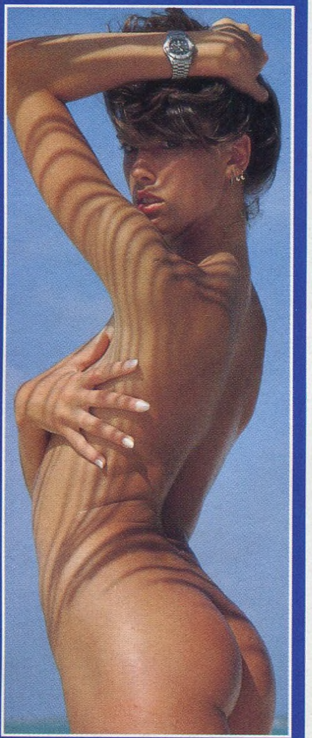
Jacquie's back! After winning our Girl Of The Year competition in 1994, she's determined to be the only woman to win twice in succession! "I've always enjoyed coming first!" says the 20-year-old with a giggle, "and I'm still on a high from my victory party!"

Jacquie celebrated by inviting some of her fans round to

jacquie

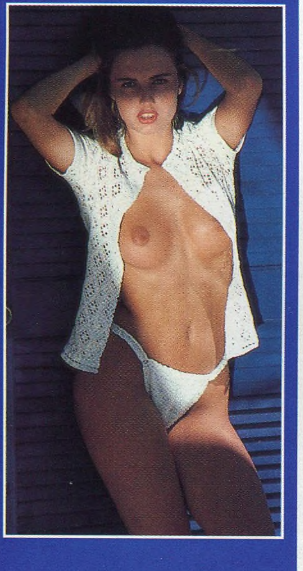
Photographs by
Maria Clarke

show them what made her number one. "Being the centre of attention got me so horny that I haven't stopped coming since!" she claims. "And I've run out of men to satisfy me. I think we should hold a Reader Of The Year contest to find a guy who can come all night and still keep shagging when the sun comes up in the morning!" ♣



talkin' blue

This is the section where you talk to us – and you talk dirty! Tell us what you've done, what you are doing and what you like to do; we'll read it, we'll print it and we might even help your fantasies come true...



WOMEN'S WRITES

Where the girls get down to business

BANGING BATH-TIME

I can't recommend swimming highly enough for keeping yourself at the peak of physical fitness, although when it comes to squeezing in a few lengths I'm rarely in the water! I've been working as a swimming instructor at my local pool for two years now, and in that time I've had so much sex in the showers and porkings by the pool that you wouldn't believe it!

I suppose it stands to reason really. After all, when you're 22 years old with long, shapely legs, a taut bum, a nicely-rounded set of boobs and you spend all day parading around in a swimsuit in front of a bunch of horny blokes, it's hardly surprising that you get more than your fair share of unexpected sexual encounters!

Greg was the first bloke that I ever shagged on the job, and I have to say that he was one of the best. We met each other under the strangest of circumstances: I was sitting on the viewing platform overlooking the pool one day, when this good-looking guy came running towards me holding his trunks up and looking very embarrassed. He explained that the elastic has gone in his trunks and wondered if we kept a spare pair anywhere. "Let's see what we can do," I told him.

I could hardly keep a straight face as I led him through to the staff room and told him to sit down and wait. Another girl, Jill, was there on her break, and she took over from me on the viewing platform while I looked for another pair of trunks for the poor sod.

When I came back with another pair, Greg was sitting back in a chair looking very sheepish. I looked down and could see that his cock was poking out, the foreskin pulled back over his glistening purple helmet. "I guess you won't be needing these?" I giggled, holding up the trunks. He tried to move his hand to tuck his cock back inside his skimpy trunks. Well, like any normal red-blooded girl, I wasn't going to let the chance to taste his come pass me by without a fight, so I moved closer and pushed his hand away. His cock popped up again, the veins bulging along the length of the thick shaft – what a marvellous specimen! I quickly dropped to my knees and took Greg's cock straight down my throat, feeling the hot, pulsing flesh of his bell-end deep in the back of my mouth. Heaven!

Well, I've had enough cock-sucking experience to consider myself something of an expert, so I got to work on his dick and began eagerly running my tongue up and down his thick shaft. Just as I was about to move up a gear and make Greg shoot his wad deep into my throat, the door swung open and in walked Dave, the manager of the complex. God, I could have died on the spot! There I was, only on the job for a few weeks, and I'd been caught with some guy's dick in my mouth – it didn't look too good. Dave's jaw dropped just in time to witness Greg buck his hips and shoot his load into my mouth, hot trickles of spunk dribbling out from the sides of my mouth.

If I didn't know where to look, then Dave certainly did. I couldn't help but notice his eyes had wandered down to my arse, which was poking invitingly in the air. I have to admit that I was incredibly turned on, there was something very exciting about getting caught in flagrante by my boss.

"Bloody hell, Erica," he gasped. "This isn't exactly mouth-to-mouth, but it looks a lot more fun!" What a relief! He didn't seem angry at all, in fact I reckon he was as turned on as I was.

It didn't take long before both guys came and I ended up being coated in two lots of creamy spunk

"Maybe you'd like to give me some of your hot cock," I giggled. "It looks as if my pussy could do with something to fill it." Dave was out of his shorts in seconds, but not before he locked the door. He quickly pulled my costume to one second before slipping his cock inside me. I got back to giving head to Greg, his thick dick bulging and twitching with anticipation.

Dave fucked me with relish, his heavy balls slapping against my pert bum as he pulled his dick out right to the helmet and then plunged it right back in

again. What an amazing feeling to have control of two cocks at the same time! Needless to say, it didn't take long before both guys came and I ended up being coated in two lots of creamy, white spunk!

From that day on I knew that Dave would almost certainly turn a blind eye to my sexy exploits, and I certainly took full advantage of my freedom. It was soon after I began working there that Andrea started too, and I was delighted to discover that she had taken a shine to me. We had many nights of pleasure after we had been left to lock up, showering together and teasing each other's clit with warm, soapy water. I loved the taste of Andrea's pussy so much that we were licking and teasing every time we worked together – and Dave loved to hear all about our lezzie stories!

Back in December we decided to give him a special Christmas treat, so one night we asked him to help us lock up – and then we performed a full session for him, complete with strap-on dildos! Frigging my pussy right in front of Dave, my white bathrobe falling wide open while Andrea sucked his cock, has to the sexual highlight of my time at the swimming pool. But it's only one of many that has come as a direct result of having such an understanding boss – and having been caught giving a blow job so soon into my employment! – *Erica, Swansea*

BRUSH AND BUSH

I've recently started working part-time after spotting an intriguing advert in the local press: 'Young lady required by sculptor for modelling. Two nights a week, expenses only.' I had to be the perfect person. After all, since I had graduated from University last summer, all I had really done as far as work was concerned was lunchtime bar work. I really hadn't been able to make up my mind exactly what I wanted to do with my degree, and there wasn't exactly a queue of people beating a path to my door with offers of work.

Most of the time I'd spend my day flicking through Club and imagining that I was one of the models being whisked off to the other side of the world for a shoot. Inevitably, whenever I looked at one of those gorgeous girls I imagined what it would be like kissing her, tonguing out her pussy, rubbing her smooth bum cheeks with oils and slipping my fingers deep into her love hole. Of course, I would always end up lying on the bed, peeling off my knickers and getting to work on my pussy with my vibrator. Working it around my hole, I'd press the buzzing head gently at first and then move it faster until I came with an overwhelming rush.

I love the taste of spunk and Eric directed an arc of come all over my face

My boyfriend, James, is a rigger and spends up to three months at a time working, which explains my lack of regular fucking activity. It's not as if I would have trouble picking up a man if I wanted to, not with a figure like mine. "You're all lips, tits and arse," James would tell me as he stroked his dick inside my cunt whenever he

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was on shore leave.

Anyway back to the job. I contacted Eric and he seemed like a nice guy. I went around to his studio and had a chat with him about exactly what he was looking for in a model.

"It's nude work that I'm interested in," he said. "Is that a problem?" The way he was looking up and down my body, barely covered as it was in a pair of skimpy shorts, a tight tee-shirt and baseball boots, suggested that it certainly wasn't a problem to him. And, of course, it was hardly a problem for me either. I had worked out from the tone of the advert that I would probably have to take my clothes off – and that's exactly what interested me about the job! There was something inside me that was really turned on by the thought of posing there naked in front of a stranger.

I plunged three fingers deep into my slit

"I don't have a problem with going naked," I told him, trying hard not to appear too excited. "Would you like to have a look at my body?" Without even waiting for a reply, I tugged my shorts and knickers off, then removed my top.

"Err, I think that would be fine," he mumbled, the bulge in his pants growing noticeably. I let out a little giggle.

"Maybe you'd like to paint me right now," I suggested. "Why don't you get your brushes?"

Within ten minutes I was having the time of my life. Eric was looking at me, using his brushes to measure the perspective of my body, and I was feeling as horny as hell! I started to move about in increasingly provocative poses, running my hands through my hair and making sure that I opened my legs just enough for him to see how wet I was. Eric was still making a pretence of trying to work, but I had already forgotten about art.

"Look, I know we've only just met each other," I said. "But I'd say you'd rather be fucking my pussy than painting it."

I held my hands out to Eric, who put his brushes down and moved towards me. I quickly undid his belt and loosened his trousers, slipping them off along with his briefs, so that I had full access to his firm cock. I wanted to suck it right there and then, but my pussy was just aching to be filled. I lay back lazily and guided Eric's cock deep into my pussy.

We fucked long and hard on the floor of the studio, Eric pistoning his cock deep into my love hole until I could feel that he was about to come. "Over my face," I begged. I love the taste of spunk and as soon as Eric had slipped out of my pussy, he directed an arc of come all over my face. I screamed with pleasure as I shuddered and came myself, trying hard to catch the wads of spunk that splattered all over my face with my tongue. I plunged three fingers deep into my slit to keep my orgasm going and worked at the buds of my nipples.

I was in heaven and Eric and I spent the rest of the night fucking. Since that first night, I've been around to Eric's studio loads of times posing for photos rather than paintings! Believe me, he's taken some pretty raunchy pictures, not least of which was a session which I did with another model called Sarah. I love being photographed with my tongue buried in her cunt, and it's all so thrilling when I see the photographs later.

My only problem now is how I'm going to break the news to James! Still, I can worry about that one later...

– Tessa, Sunderland

ON THE JOB

In and out of the office

PICTURE THIS!

My boyfriend Jason and I recently moved into a new flat, a loft conversion in an old house in South London. It's a great place, with a skylight view that seems to stretch for miles – although I have to admit it was a pain in the backside dragging all of our furniture up three flights of stairs! Still, the neighbours in the flats below us were really helpful and gave us a hand shifting our gear.

Once we had finally moved everything, closed the door behind us and had surveyed the mess in front of us, we decided that we couldn't possibly face arranging everything. Instead, we just bunged a mattress in the middle of the floor and decided to christen our new flat with our first fuck there! I pushed Jason back onto the mattress and unzipped his jeans, revealing a stiff cock that was ready for action. I immediately moved my mouth towards his crotch and took his cock to the back of my throat, rolling my tongue around his swollen purple helmet and tasting his pre-come. Eagerly bobbing my head up and down the length of his shaft, I sucked as hard as I could.

When he was just about to shoot his load, I quickly rolled over onto all fours and yanked my knickers to one side. "Fuck me hard," I urged him. Jason didn't waste a second and quickly slid his tool deep inside my dripping minge. You can't beat the doggy-style position: tits swinging free and simply concentrating on the sensations of a big, hard dick pumping inside you. I love the way Jason grabs my bum cheeks firmly as he bangs his tool inside me, and it wasn't long before he bucked and groaned loudly as he came. My pussy walls held his jerking cock tight inside me as we rode out our orgasms until we both collapsed in a sweaty pile on the mattress.

Jason quickly slid his tool deep inside my dripping minge

"Bloody hell," gasped Jason. "If sex is always going to be that good, we'll be very happy in this flat." I had to agree with him!

What I hadn't told Jason was that I had been thinking of one of the lads in the flat downstairs all the time that we'd been fucking. Ben had been really good helping us moving our stuff, while his girlfriend, Alice, had made sandwiches and kept us supplied with cold beer.

"Ben and Alice seem like good neighbours," said Jason, nodding downstairs while we lay on the mattress. I decided to try a subtle approach...

"I bet you liked the look of Alice," I teased. "Nice big boobs, gorgeous blonde hair and a lovely figure – you couldn't keep your eyes off her. I'm right, aren't I?"

"Well, I bet you liked Ben," retorted Jason quickly. I think we both knew what was on each other's mind. After all, we'd swapped partners on a couple of occasions before and we'd both had a very sexy time.

"Let's have a dinner party at the weekend," I suggested. Jason grinned. I think he knew exactly what I meant by a dinner party! The next morning I dropped a note through their door and prayed that they'd accept our invitation.

Well, Saturday night came and Ben and Alice turned up right on time at 8.30pm. "Come on in and take a seat," I said, leading them through to the living room. The two of them were very friendly and we all had a good laugh as we downed a few glasses of wine before we ate. The subject soon turned to work and Ben told us that he was a photographer. When I asked what kind of photographs he took, he grinned sheepishly and replied that he did glamour work. Well, he didn't need to elaborate any further and Jason and I grinned knowingly at each other.

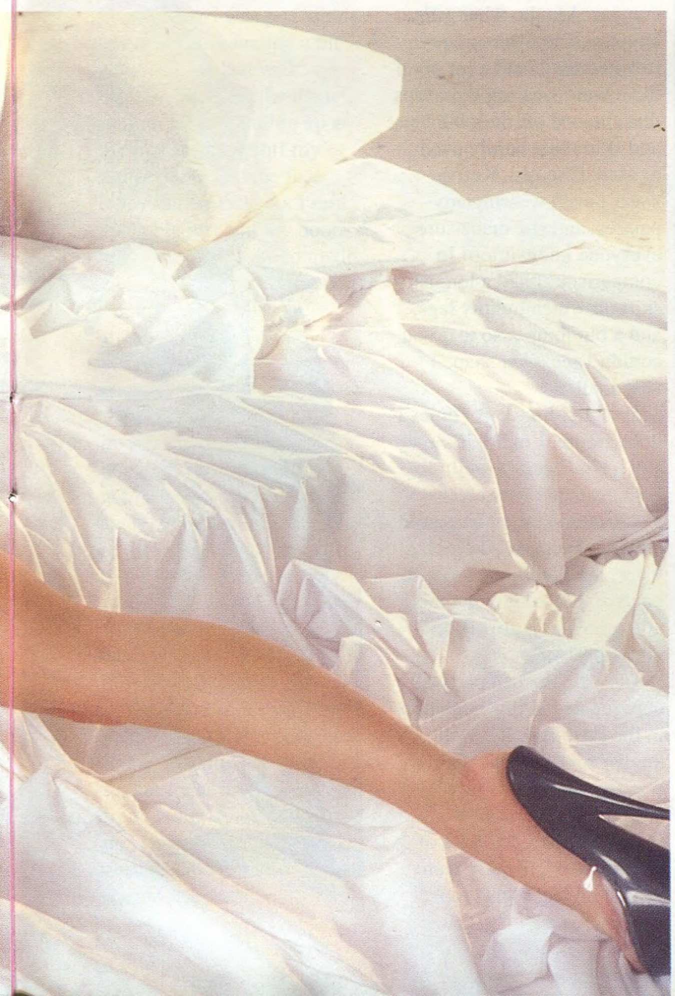
I must admit that through dinner all I could think about was posing for Ben, before getting a good shafting from what I was sure would be a

lovely, thick cock. The more wine we drank, the more turned on I became and the more adventurous I got. I started asking questions about how Ben found girls who were willing to pose for him and how he got into that line of work in the first place. Jason laughed out loud and then suddenly leaned towards Ben.

"I bet Charlie wouldn't mind posing for some pictures," he said. I laughed nervously and muttered something about not having the body for it and being too shy.

"Rubbish!" laughed Alice. "You've got a lovely body. You'd look... fantastic." The way she rolled that last word around her tongue, giving me direct eye contact, made my pussy go damp at the very thought of getting naked in front of her. "I'll tell you what," she continued. "Why don't you get your camera now, Ben, and I'll pose with Charlie. Err, if that's alright, Jason..." Jason was grinning madly and he nodded lasciviously.

Ben was back in the living-room in minutes and he quickly began setting up a few lights, while Alice and I went to the bathroom to touch up our make-up. Or at least that's what I thought we'd be touching up! As soon as the bathroom door closed, Alice put her arms around me and kissed me deeply, sliding her tongue into my mouth. I was both shocked and thrilled at the same time, but gladly returned the kiss. Alice suddenly broke off our embrace and winked at me. "This is going to be fun," she grinned.



Once we had finished applying our make-up, we went back into the living-room where Ben had finished setting everything up. He was now ready to shoot and judging by the look of anticipation on Jason's face as he sat on the sofa, fidgeting with his wine glass, I'd say he was ready to shoot in an altogether different fashion!

Alice stood in the middle of the room and slipped the straps from her dress off, letting the sheer, black number fall to the floor to reveal matching black underwear. She was obviously very turned-on as she started to gyrate in front of the camera, fondling her boobs without the slightest trace of self-consciousness. "Come on, Charlie," she giggled. "Join in the fun!" I took off my blouse and skirt to reveal my own white underwear. Ben was complimenting us both as he shot frame after frame of film and within minutes I soon lost my inhibitions and had unclasped my bra strap and kicked off my knickers. I felt seriously turned-on and couldn't resist playing with my boobs, teasing the nipples so that they hardened under my fingertips. My hands moved down to my pussy and I started to gently stroking my bud.

I spread my legs further to let her bury her tongue deep inside me

Suddenly, Alice was on her knees and her tongue was lapping excitedly at my pussy. I was surprised, but delighted, and I spread my legs further to let her bury that tongue deep inside me. Jason was applauding and Ben continued to snap away.

"Come on you two," I gasped as Alice continued to lap furiously at my cunt. Ben and Jason didn't need to be asked twice and were out of their trousers in seconds, two hard dicks bobbing furiously with anticipation. Alice moved away from me and got down to sucking Jason's cock. I have to admit that it was a real turn-on to watch Jason getting head from a girl who still had my love juices on her lips.

I was soon busy myself, gobbling greedily at Ben's tool. And a lovely cock it was too: long, hard and full of hot come. I wanked Ben hard while giving him head and he soon exploded deep down my throat.

I looked over and saw that Jason was fucking Alice from behind, her face buried in the sofa and her pert arse sticking up in the air. And what an arse it was – peachy, white and round!

I moved over and positioned myself next to Alice on the sofa and offered my arse up in the air so that Ben could ride me doggy-style while I French-kissed his girlfriend. It was amazing feeling a hot cock pumping into my pussy while I tongued this beautiful girl!

After this first wild night the four of us became firm, fucking friends and Ben introduced me to plenty of his model friends. Alice and I got on particularly well with one girl called Melanie.

One night she invited us out to a trendy club in town where she guaranteed us VIP treatment. Well, what a night that turned out to be! Mel knew the head bouncer, Tony, and he looked after us really well: free drinks in the VIP bar and all the rest of it.

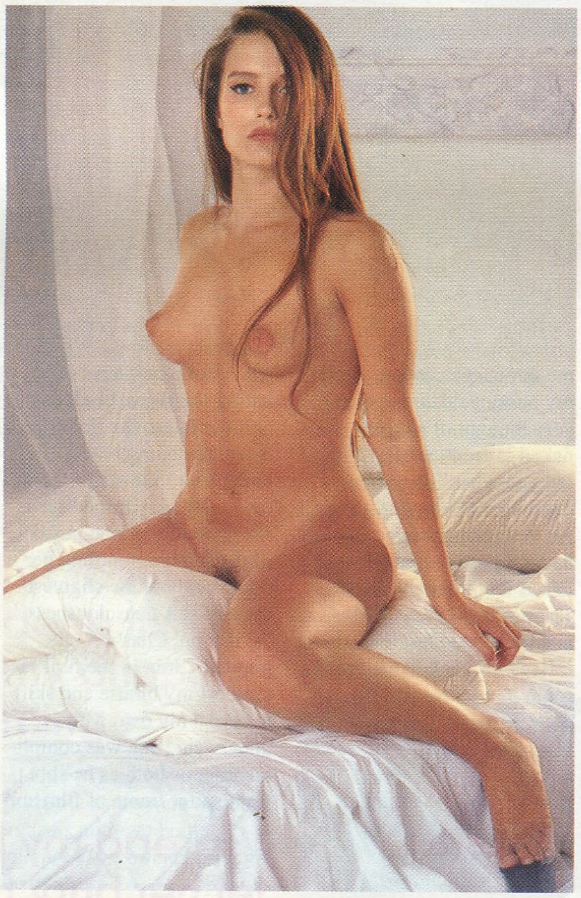
Melanie was flirting with the barman and whenever she came back to our table with drinks, she suggested that the three of us should seduce him at the end of the night. Well, the more G&Ts we had, the more it seemed like a good idea to fuck Justin's brains out! When the club started emptying out at four in the morning, Mel said that we had something for Justin and could we show him in the stockroom.

The three of us really started tarting and vamping it up for him once we were in the little room. Mel ran her hands through his hair while I caressed his pecs and Alice rubbed his hard-on. Yes, you've guessed it, within a few minutes Mel was slipping onto Justin's cock and her massive boobs were jiggling up and down as Justin increased his pace. Alice and I amused ourselves by sinking a couple of fingers into each other's pussy and wanking each other off while we watched Justine and Mel fucking avidly.

By the time I got home later that evening, Jason was eager to hear of our exploits. He always loves to hear me relaying details because he finds them such a turn-on and we always end up fucking like rabbits. That night was no exception and Jason told me that while we were out, he and Ben had been out to a wine bar together and had fucked a waitress down in Ben's flat! I listened as he told me of slipping his cock inside the girl's wet cunt while Ben snapped away with his camera! He's promised to show me the results just as soon as Ben gets them developed.

We've sent in some of the tamer shots that we've taken in the flat so that your readers can get an idea of what I look like – I hope you like them! – *Charlie, London*

A hot cock pumped into my pussy while I tongued this beautiful girl



COUPLES CONFESS

Share and share alike

HORNY HEN PARTY

I'm normally what you might call a bit of a prude. That doesn't mean to say that I don't like sex or anything, but I've always felt a bit uncomfortable when I'm confronted with stuff like bare bums and pussies. I always get embarrassed if people talk about sex too. Well, at least I used to be...

You see, I've had my life turned around by something that happened to me when I went out for my friend Jenny's hen night. There was a big crowd of us, and we thought for ages about where we should go.

Knowing Jenny, I knew she'd pick somewhere really outrageous. She's a bit of an exhibitionist and she was always teasing me about how prudish I was. "You need to loosen up a bit, Anne," she told me. "I'm telling you, I'm determined that everyone's going to see a different side of you on my hen night. I'm not going home until I've seen you letting your hair down!"

I was dreading it and so I made sure that I was dressed quite conservatively – compared to the other girls, anyway. They were a very rowdy crowd, and a lot of them were wearing tight tops that showed off their boobs and skirts that hardly even existed. One girl, Kerry, wasn't even wearing any panties, and she made sure everyone knew it too! In comparison, I had a longish skirt on which hid my legs, and a big jumper so that you couldn't see what shape I was at all.

Actually, I have got quite a good figure. I'm 36-25-36 and a big E cup as well; perhaps that's why I've always felt a bit embarrassed about it, because I do look a bit on the flamboyant side. I never used to enjoy the male attention that it attracts... until now.

Anyway, the hen party all congregated at this huge pub in the East End. It's well known for the parties in the back room and is always packed. On the night we went, I suspect that a lot of the other people there were on hen or stag nights too because it was a Friday night, and the atmosphere was pretty wild. There must have been more than 300 people crammed in there, and something happened to me which I still can't explain to this day – I started to get really turned on by the atmosphere in there.

Everyone was getting rowdy by mid-evening and quite a few people were pairing off into couples, and I found myself feeling really randy. I felt even more so when the cabaret started. First up were three girls doing some erotic dancing and then something for us ladies too – some scantily-clad guys covered in body oil gyrating right in front of us, all but stripping off and

Kerry pulled her fingers out of my pussy and licked them

playing their hands all over their bodies.

Well, that must have been what set me off! I just don't know what came over me. One minute I was just sitting and watching, feeling a bit tipsy and flushed with excitement – and the next minute I was standing up at my table flinging off my jumper to reveal the lace teddy underneath. As I said, I'm a big girl and my boobs were bouncing around madly as I danced to the music that the half-naked guys were gyrating to.

You should have seen my friends' faces – they were flabbergasted as I threw myself about, my tits nearly popping out of my top as I got more and more carried away. By this time everyone in the place was staring at me, but that got me more worked up. I didn't even stop when the male dancers went offstage. By now, I was providing the cabaret!

"Get up onstage and give them a real show!" shrieked Jenny, pushing me forward so that I was propelled to the front. Kerry followed behind me, and the pair of us got onstage to wild applause and started to dance.

I had my eyes closed and all my hair had come loose and was flying around my head as I danced, totally unaware of anyone else – until I felt Kerry sashaying up next to me and starting to undo my skirt at the back!

Well, before I knew it I was down to my sheer black tights and that teddy, showing off my charms to the crowd. Blokes and girls were all yelling loudly for me to go further, but I decided that Kerry had to strip off a bit further first. It was only after I'd made a real meal of stripping off her skirt and top that I remembered her boast that she wasn't wearing any undies!

As you can imagine, that had the place in uproar. The noise was indescribable as Kerry moved behind me and pulled down my tights so that I had no option but to step out of them. There I was prancing around in my bare feet and just my lace teddy – and before I knew it, that was off too! Kerry reached down between my legs and unclipped the poppers, then pulled it up off over my head. I was naked in front of a whole roomful of strangers!

I could hear my colleagues urging me on, and I was just thrilled by the atmosphere and the attention I was getting. I totally lost control.

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This is the first of our Older Women video series. If you get this one and enjoy it (which you will, I promise) then your luck is in. There are three more volumes available for you to feast your eyes upon.

Volume 1 is considered a collector's item by many of our clients. It is simply amazing. It is stunningly erotic.

If you like older women, that is.

This video features only women aged 48 years and over. There are ladies in their forties, ladies in their fifties and even ladies in their sixties. They come in all shapes and sizes, some are fat, some are thin. Some have enormous ripe bosoms, others are skinny and as flat as a witch's tit.

From all around Britain (literally, Erica aged 55 sent her tape in from the Orkney Isles), we bring you the horniest grannies in Britain. All strip for you, all display their old fashioned underwear (some men find directoires very sexy, you know). There are support corsets, girdles and cross-your-heart bras and old fashioned stockings.

This video shows older woman after older woman.

Each one does her 'turn', to turn you on. It's an older woman sex-fans paradise, a Nirvana filled with mature sexy women all of whom want one thing and one thing only - to turn you on. They each have different methods to achieve this. Some stare provocatively straight at the camera, knowing their sexuality. Others are demure, shyly looking away. Others just want to mother you, still others merely want to turn you on. They want to know that you're going to pull your trousers down because of the effect they have on you.

Enough talk. Now the action. Get this video and enjoy. I've decided that if you like older women, words cannot describe the thrills you're headed for, so I won't go on any longer.

Young British Lesbians- £19.95

We weren't even sure if teenage lesbians existed, but they do. Wow, do they ever!!! One of the girls told me that Queen Victoria did not believe in lesbians. She couldn't comprehend what two girls could do to each other; that's why homosexuality is illegal to under 21s, but not lesbianism.

Well... after the shock of this video, if Queen Victoria was still around, we could certainly fill her in on what lesbianism is all about.

The girls on this video are all aged 18 or nineteen. They are either 100% lesbian or they swing both ways. They are the horniest bunch of teenage girls around. I've watched this video about fifty times in the last few weeks (yes, it is that good).

The idea of young girls indulging in full sex acts with other British young 18 or 19 year olds is a real turn on and seeing it in exact detail is a real kick.

The thing about the girls on this video is how normal they are. I've always had the idea that lesbians are shaven-headed boyish girls who wear Doctor Marten boots and act like men. Not these girls - these are normal everyday teenage girls, except that they get their sexual pleasures by performing with other girls. Sex is very important to teenage lesbians. Mary, who is 18 shows us just how much pleasure she can give her partner (19 year old Joanne) just by using her mouth. We watch in fascinated, baited-breath ecstasy as Joanne is giving a complete going over. Joanne practically purrs with contented bliss as her lover brings her to the threshold of pure delight again and again. Indeed, Joanne, is in a state of practical orgasmic heights for at least twelve minutes.

There're many lesbian (or bi-sexual) teenagers are on this video, all are British. They come from all around the country. Grantham, Cardiff, Fort William etc. These girls don't look like lesbians, but they are, as you'll see in graphic detail. Fresh faced & fruity. I don't know about you but that really does turn me on. Get this video and watch it in ultimate close-up as these teenage lesbians perform with each other. It has to be seen to be believed.

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1915

I walked over to Kerry and we started to fondle each other. My fingers dipped down between her legs and I started to massage her soaking wet pussy. I could feel how hard and hot her little clit was, and my own felt as if it was going to burst. Kerry started to French-kiss me as she pushed her own fingers between my legs, really working them hard on my pussy. To my surprise, I orgasmed straight away!

My fingers dipped down between her legs and I massaged her wet pussy

It was one of those really elongated, delicious climaxes too, with my whole body shuddering and my mouth open with surprise and delight. Kerry worked her fingers to frig me even harder, which made me come again, this time loudly with my voice straining as I told her to wank me even faster. She really hooked her fingers up inside me and I felt my pussy walls clamping around them, rotating my hips so that I could get her fingers in me as deep as possible.

I wasn't really aware of people watching us, though I knew that every eye on the place was drinking in the sight of our hot lesbian act. Someone yelled that this was much better than the cabaret – and things got even filthier when Jenny leaped up onstage and began to join in.

She's such a slut I suppose I shouldn't have been surprised when she mounted the rostrum and flung all her clothes off – even if she was getting married the following week! I'm sure her husband-to-be was the furthest thing from her mind as she knelt down between my legs and started to tongue me, so that I had Kerry's fingers and Jenny's tongue both going at me at the same time!

Kerry pulled her fingers out of my pussy and started licking them, playing to the crowd as she did so. The cheering was tremendous, and so she came back for more, thrusting into my snatch once again and covering her hand in my love juices. This time, she offered her fingers to the front row of guys, and they all scrambled to lick her hand clean. Jenny obviously thought that was a horny idea because she did the same – but with her tongue!

Yes, she delved as deep inside my pussy as she could, then jumped down to the front table of guys and started tongue-kissing them one by one. They all must have got a good mouthful of my come juices, but that wasn't enough for Jenny. The next thing I knew, she was unzipping one guy's trousers and getting out his cock, first wanking it between her sticky fingers before mounting him properly and wrapping her legs around the back of his chair and riding him as hard as she could.

Well, that just started a mass exodus to the front of the stage, with most of my friends and a whole crowd of people who were total strangers combining in a tangle of bodies. Several more people climbed on to the stage and I lost track of who was just watching and who was joining in. Not that it would have mattered anyway – by that time, I was game for anything.

Then I felt my boobs being stroked from behind by a pair of hairy hands, and a rough chest rubbing my back which made me all the more eager to feel a good length of cock inside me. At the moment I forgot that I was, actually, about to perform in front of all those people – I just told the guy to get on his back on the floor and spread my legs above him before sinking down on his cock.

His tool was so thick that I gasped out loud, then started to ride it for all I was worth, really bucking my hips so that he was inside me as deeply as possible. He was so thick I was surprised I could take his whole length, but I loved the feel of that fat cock poking my insides. I was howling out loud with each orgasm now, so I didn't have much time to look around to see what Jenny and Kerry were up to. I was reliably informed afterwards that they were both fully occupied getting screwed in a daisy chain by a couple of guys who'd rushed up from somewhere at the back!

The daisy chain was Jenny at the front, on her knees with her pussy lips pulled out as wide as her fingers could stretch them, being porked from the back by a guy with the thickest cock she said she'd ever seen. You should have seen her face the next day as she relived the feel of that monster tool ramming in and out of her – she said she almost had second thoughts about the wedding!

The guy fucking her was getting his balls licked by Kerry, the little slut: she was lying underneath him on her back, cupping them in her hands and running her tongue over and over the hairy balls. Of course, that was bound to encourage him to come his load in Jenny's pussy – not that she wasn't gagging for it anyway!

As you can imagine, the sight of this blue cabaret had everyone shouting and clapping. As I was recovering from one climax and still riding my guy as I built up towards another, I could see that at least a third of the audience were coupled up, with the rest avidly watching the free sex show!

Well, I can't tell you how or when the party broke up because I was in such a daze, but I've been behaving like a real slut ever since that night, and I'm loving it – you should hear what I got up to at Jenny's wedding! Perhaps I'll write in again and tell you about that day...
– Anne, Essex ♣

judi

Photographs by Jack Harrison

Hotel receptionist Judi from Manchester is achieving her life's ambition – to strip off her uniform in front of a crowd of girl-hungry guys. "I spend every day meeting hunky fellas and having to be so polite when I just want to rip my clothes off and fuck them on the front desk!" says the 20-year-old temptress.

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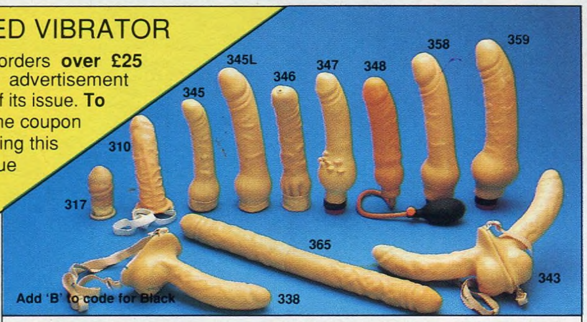

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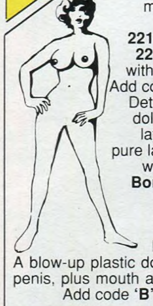

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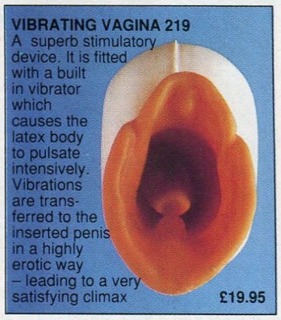

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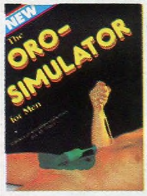

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Metal breast hoops harnessed by a network of leather body straps. **£26.50**
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Leather with heavy duty popper fastening and zip opening. Lengths: 12/15/18". Waist: 24/26/28/30" **£45.00**
864 Maid's Set 100% Nylon. Medium only Black skirt, White bib and briefs. **£17.50**
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LOTS MORE SEXY GARMENTS IN OUR CATALOGUE

PENIS DEVELOPER
Asserted by leading sexologist Dr. Robert Chartham to be the only tested mechanical appliance that proved successful for enlargement to the male organ. Do not be deterred by our very low price – this developer is the latest model, with variable-size cuff to ensure a perfect fit and comes complete with full instructions and lubricant. **FREE** copy of Everything You Always Wanted to Know About Penis Enlargement included.
Standard Model 212 **£13.25**
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Amazingly effective, particularly when used with the Penis Developer. No matter what size your penis is PENIS STRETCH can make it measurably longer. **£4.00**

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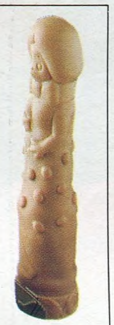
A new 'real feel' version of the Hermit that gyrates with all the sexuality of a belly dancer. At the same time you can add another dimension of excitement with its multi-speed vibrations which are controlled separately. This double action vibrator with its 'real feel' flesh-like profiled surface adds an exciting new dimension to sexual enjoyment. Separate battery control box. **£12.00**



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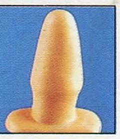
Deluxe Lewdo 505 Boxed with folding board **£16.00**

LOVE PLUG 725
A vibrating plug for pure pleasure. Complete with 'T' bar end and separate multi-speed switch control **£7.75**



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Also known as 'Ben-Wa Balls' – an ancient Japanese delight. When inserted into the vagina almost any body movement will produce unique erotic sensations. They also help women maintain sexual arousal for long periods and develop vaginal muscle control. Movement within the balls comes from solid stainless steel balls.
Standard duo-balls 730 £4.95
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***Vibrating* Duo Balls 729 £10.00**

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Seven special clitoral/vaginal stimulators specially designed to increase female arousal during intercourse by the gentle brushing of the clitoris and vaginal lips, while helping to prolong the male's erection. **£1.95** each
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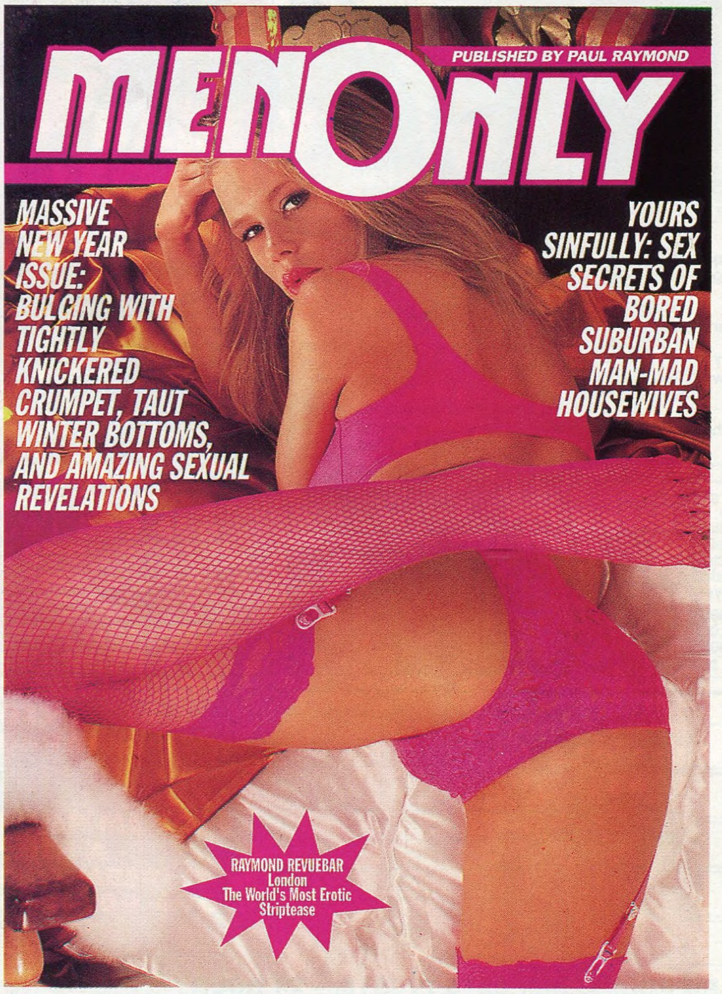
TAKE A LOOK INSIDE MAYFAIR

Today's *Mayfair* is brighter, lighter and packed with lovely ladies like Clare stripping for you. So grab one now! It's the most fun you can have for £2.25!



MENONLY

PUBLISHED BY PAUL RAYMOND

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MEN'S WORLD

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STIFF SKINHEAD PUMPS OLDER MAN
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Women who love to swallow
001 809 4961 274
"I'll tell you how her wet pussy tastes!"
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OUR PUSSIES ARE ALL DRIPPING WET
001 809 4961 272
Call now we'll take turns on your cock
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FOR THE HOTTEST F**K HOLE ACTION
001 809 4961 276
I'M HOT & HORNY FOR A BIG COCK NOW
001 809 4961 277
If you like Big Tits I'm your girl
001 809 4961 278
JAM YOUR HARD MEAT IN ME
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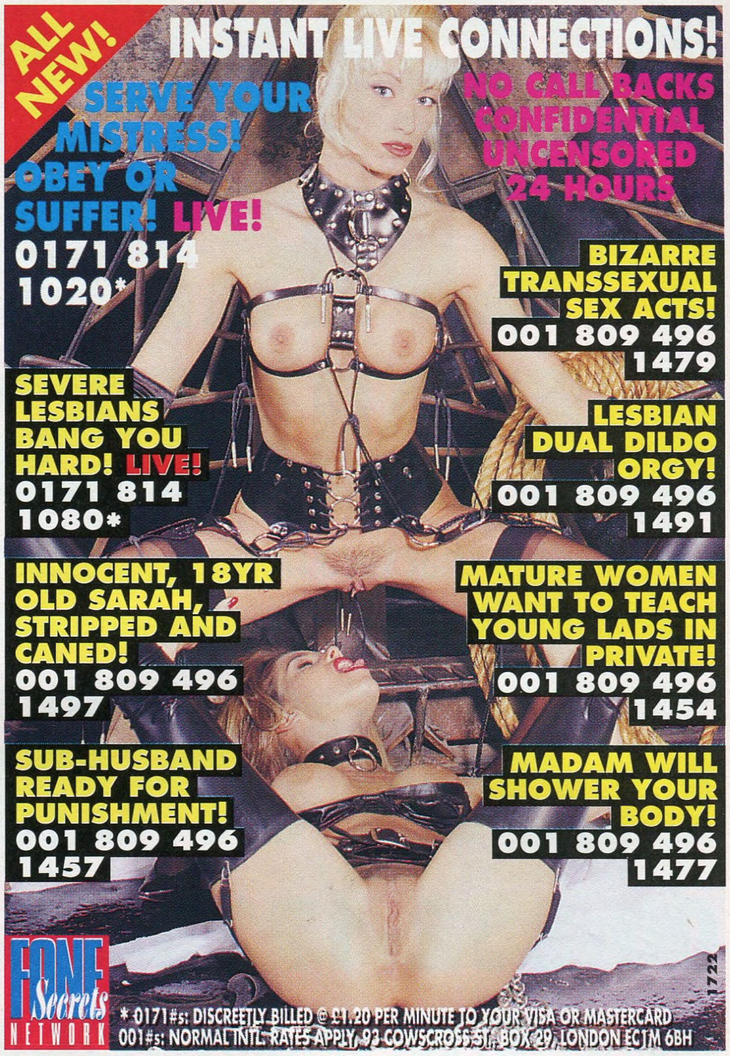

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1020*

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BIZARRE TRANSSEXUAL SEX ACTS!
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SEVERE LESBIANS BANG YOU HARD! LIVE!
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INNOCENT, 18YR OLD SARAH, STRIPPED AND CANED!
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MATURE WOMEN WANT TO TEACH YOUNG LADS IN PRIVATE!
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MADAM WILL SHOWER YOUR BODY!
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GET BANGED BY 2 KINKY LESBIAN LOVERS!
LIVE!
0171 814
1010*

COLLEGE ROOMMATES MASTURBATING TO ORGASM!
001 809 496
1493

HORNY NYMPHOS WHO CAN'T GET ENOUGH!
LIVE! 1 TO 1
0171 814
1050*

CALLERS' KINKY PORN CONFESSIONS!
001 809 496
1452

WIFE TEACHES HUSBAND TO DRESS LIKE A LADY ... OR ELSE!
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1498

WOMEN BEHIND BARS, HUNGRY FOR MEN!
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WARNING: We would like to warn all potential customers that this advert does not feature normal hard sex hetro videos. It features much more extreme and way out sex featuring unusual models — the younger female, pregnant women, older women and even our famous film [redacted] **Love Farm!** The state of some of the models and acts they perform may shock you. Be warned... *Do not purchase is you are shocked or easily offended.*

EUROPE'S MOST "BIZARRE" VIDEO COLLECTION

Buy before they're banned! Hardest specialist videos in the UK

THIS collection of "Specialist Subject" videos, which have never been available on general release in this country before, are now brought to you by *"Video Confidential,"* Europe's leading specialists in fetish sex, in a quick and secure service.
Before today, these videos have only been available in the twilight world of the back streets of Soho.
"Video Confidential" believe this to be wrong, and now offer them to you at A QUARTER OF SOHO PRICES and are proud to open up to every reader the exciting, sensual world of Specialist Sex.
We cannot predict the reaction from the authorities to this open approach to the previously unexplored and unavailable world of fetish sex, so we urge you to make your purchase today in case this ad is now allowed to appear again.

BUY NOW — BEFORE THEY ARE BANNED!

Foot Fetish £24.95

FOOT FETISH, female domination and the world of leather, rubber and latex are all here in the strongest foot fetish video available. Boots, court shoes, stilettos, plimsolls, socks, flip-flops and even toe-painting and chiropody! Again there is plenty of hard core action to keep you interested, plus an incredible foot masturbation scene. **A must for every serious submissive man and foot fancier.**

Pregnant Love £29.95

A SPECIALIST subject that attacts many thousands in the UK. Women in the full flush of pregnancy are seen by many as being at their most beautiful, sensual and sexual. This video explicitly explores many "Milking Maids" in wide ranging sexual acts in intimate explicit close-up and slow motion. **Not just a horny experience but also an unusual, beautiful and moving one.**

[redacted] Love Farm £29.95

THIS video has changed hands for over £150 in Soho. We cannot describe its hard action contents fully here, but we believe the title says it all. This video is the only one of its type available in Britain today that we know of. If this subject is your thing, you will never see a harder, more explicit example of this exciting sexual topic — **only for the most unshockable viewer. It's unbeatable.**

Granny Sex £24.95

HARD, explicit and graphic. Women over 40, and 50 and even over 60! Some are fat, some are thin, all are experienced and dirty. The sex is incredible, full sex, A and O with plenty of splash — loads of old fashioned underwear (including corsets and directoire knickers). **These are the horniest grannies in Europe and they're out to prove it! They've had years of sexual experience.**

Female Shaving £24.95

A VERY popular fetish is the bald beaver, and yet this is the only video we've found with true close-up and variant clipping and shaving action. The girls do it to themselves, to each other and also the blokes get a go. **Just for good measure it ends up with a truly explicit close-up shaven shafting extravaganza. Truly magnificent hairless muffs as smooth and hairless as a billiard ball.**

Lady's Doctor £24.95

AGAIN we can't go into much detail in this magazine, but we all know what we're talking about here. We have sold this very specialist film for £200 in Soho and Amsterdam. Do not buy this video unless you know just what to expect from the ultimate adult, games of doctors and nurses. **This video was intended to shock — and it does! It won't be around for long — buy it today!**

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☐ **GRANNY SEX ....@ £24.95**	☐ **FEMALE SHAVING ....@ £24.95**
☐ **FOOT FETISH..................@ £24.95**	☐ **LADY'S DOCTOR.............@ £29.50**

- **Any 3 @ £69.95** ☐
- **All six videos @ £124.95** ☐

I enclose payment of £__________
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Card Number:
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Amount £__________
Expiry Date__________
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I am over 18 and aware of the strong adult nature of these videos. I will not show them to minors.__________Signed

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CONFIDENTIAL
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SCREW MY WET HOLE FROM BEHIND!
LIVE!
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TWO RANDY HOUSEWIVES SEDUCING 18YR OLD GIRL!
001 809 496 1474

NAUGHTY VIRGIN'S FANNY NEEDS SHAFTING!
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SHOVE MY 10" DILDO UP MY HUNGRY PUSSY!
LIVE!
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OBEDIENT MAID LICKS OUT MISTRESS!
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001 809 496 1430

WANK WHILE I FINGER MY PUSSY!
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THIS SLUT SUCKS YOUR THROBBING COCK 00 592 249 020

2 Girls, One Licks Your Balls While The Other Gives You Head
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Claire Fks Susie With Her Strap On Dildo**
00 592 249 052

2 Lesbians Licking & Fingering Each Other To Climax
00 592 249 056

Debbie Is Giving Two Men Deep Throat
00 592 249 043

2 Housewives Seducing An 18yr old Girl
00 592 249 027

F**K ME IN EVERY HOLE
00 592 249 042

Anna LOVES Her Boyfriends 10" Cock Up Her
00 592 249 054

We've Got 2 Full Bladders For YOU
00 592 249 063

TRANSVESTITE F**KERS
00 592 249 034

Sarah Loves Being Tied Up & Shagged
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ORAL ORGASM - Suck, Spunk & Swallow

001 809 4961 212

"I KNOW YOUR CUM IS BOILING INSIDE YOUR BALLS. CALL ME, AND SHOOT YOUR HOT LOAD INSIDE ME"

SISTERS SUCK YOUR BALLS & COCK
001 809 4961 213

HEAR ME FRIG MY SOAKING FANNY
001 809 4961 214

NURSE / DOCTOR / NYMPHO - 3 WAY SEX
001 809 4961 215

SPUNK UP MY DRIPPING FANNY
001 809 4961 216

VIRGIN TAKES 8" COCK

001 809 4961 219

PORNO HOUSEWIVES WANT YOUR SPUNK
001 809 4961 226

2 Fingers & Your Cock Up Me
001 809 4961 220

Thick Cock Up Shaven Vagina
001 809 4961 221

On My Knees-Please Pump Me
001 809 4961 222

Rigid Cock Up My Hole
001 809 4961 223

STICK YOUR COCK UP MY WET C**T
001 809 4961 211

Lift my skirt & part my cheeks
001 809 4961 224

Shag my sister
and cum on her face
001 809 4961 218

TONGUE MY SLIT-
I'LL SUCK YOUR
BALLS
001 809 4961 225

GAY-three meaty cocks 001 809 4961 280
Shagged while hubby wanks
001 809 4961 217
GAY BOY TAKES BIG PENIS 001 809 4961 281

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Amateur Adult Action Videos!

All Genuine Action   All made very recently   At long last you can buy Real Home-Made Adult Videos

Mosen Saft

14 Bourne Road, Bexley Village, Bexley, Kent DA5 1LU

Dear Readers,

We are a well established Dutch mail order company specialising in Real Hard Porn Videos for the Continental Market. That means we supply Videos that show the real thing: real penetration, real oral sex, real bizarre, real fetishes. Yes, everything you can think of in full pin-sharp, graphic detail - there on the screen for you to see. We've compiled a selection of 4 of our dirtiest Videos to open the UK market and we're even offering them at a discount!

We've now set up a branch over here and you know you can order from us with confidence - All Videos are dispatched within 14 days of receipt, in plain, discreet packaging.

My best wishes and happy viewing.

Derek Williams

Derek Williams
Manager

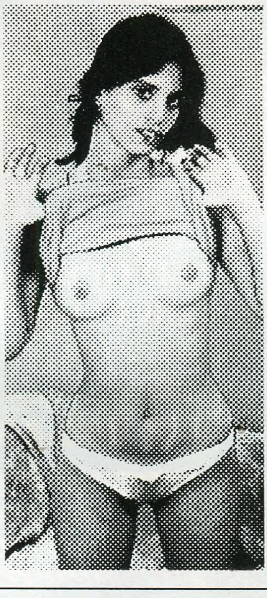
P.S. If you have any really special requests please mention them, we will do our utmost to be of assistance.
P.P.S. Try us - you'll soon learn to depend on us and remember my personal motto:
"Actions speak louder than words"

Video 1: Shelly - Featuring a 26 year old single mum, 5'3" tall, short blonde hair, big tits, nice pussy, name of Shelly. She answered an advertisement written on the wall of the ladies toilet cubicle in a railway station. The handwritten note offered accommodation in return for companionship and light duties. Shelly couldn't believe her luck, she rang the number and immediately went round, took the room but did not realise what was wanted from her side of the bargain (once a week sex with the landlord). In this video we watch as Shelly makes the ultimate sacrifice, she can hardly bring herself to do it but unless she f**ks him she's out. The landlord says "pull up your dress, drop your drawers and do it with me!" She sits on his crotch and he tries to manoeuvre himself up her, but she's too dry. He pulls her towards his mouth and licks her , using plenty of spit to get her wet. She tries again and he's in first time, they do it, she enjoys it and comes back for more- it goes on from there. **The Video's yours for only £18.95.**

Video 2: Claudia the Student Slapper - A shy reserved girl from a strict West Indian chapel background, Claudia throws off the shackles of her upbringing when she gets to University. Every time she goes out for a drink with the rest of her crowd - she's anybody's. Well, it wasn't long before her easy access through drink led her to our doorstep and the world of hard core videos.

That's why we had to give her a couple of stiff ones before we started making this one. Now, she was very willing and cooperative in every way but I've never seen a girl used like this before. She just laid there and let it happen. This certainly seemed to turn on the male model, who used her in every way, even her mouth and then let it splatter all over her pretty impassive black face. Do me a favour, once you've enjoyed seeing Claudia get bonked, let me know if you think she really enjoys nookie - I'd value your comments.

You can have Claudia on Video for only £18.95

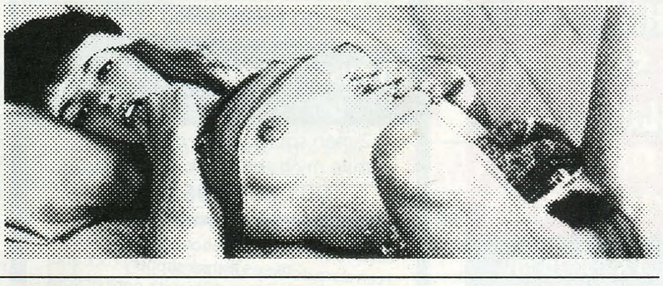


Video 3: Shunta - If you're turned on by Pakistani women this is the video for you - real Asian sex. Shunta is married with four children (witness the stretch marks for yourself). It could be why she's able to take the really big guys without even wincing. For hard cash she will do whatever someone asks, especially when it comes to sex - that's how she gets her kicks. Yes, this Pakistani lady s**ks and f**ks allowing up to 3 men to make full use of her body and loving it. She insists on them wearing a condom, but you'll soon see them being whipped off along with her Sari and they spray all over her which she promptly rubs into her skin. On this video, you can witness Shunta being given a good seeing to by her 'new white men friends', listen to her pant and groan as she is serviced by three men at a time, one right inside her, one orally and one receiving manual relief. This is a must for all Pakistani women fanciers, more power to Shunta's elbow (and other parts). Shunta we love you...!

So can you when you get the Shunta Video for just £18.95.

Video 4: Maureen the Nurse - Yes, Maureen's a nurse, and we all know about Nurses. Like the rest of her profession, she is woefully underpaid and... you guessed it, she supplements her wages with bits of paid video nookie. She has a terrific pair of boobs and she made a great f**k video - if you're into nurses, you're in for a treat. Just seeing her move her body is a wonderful experience, never mind all the other things she does with it. She gives terrific head on 8" of Robin's meat and 4" of his girth. If you like seeing oversized members dipping into young women and their eager mouths, this is the video you've been looking for. Seeing this lovely, bubbly little nurse get it from a total stranger is such a turn on. She is done in every conceivable position and the Stud goes into a complete frenzy as he gropes for her every orifice. It's all true, Nurses like a bit of fun - and best of all, they're very clean! Judge for yourself, when you see this video.

Maureen the Nurse can be all yours on Video at just £18.95.



I don't know how I managed it, but we now have a deal which means that you can also buy these Videos from the following shops. You are welcome to call Mon.-Sat. 9.30 -6pm Fri. 8pm.

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- 133 Fore Street **Exeter**
- 203 Kingston Road New Malden **Kingston**
- 63 Moorfields **Liverpool**
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- 14 Borough Road **Middlesbrough**
- 56 Westmorland Road **Newcastle**
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£69.95 for all 4

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1878

Please forward the Videos I have ticked, as a matter of urgency:

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☐ **Video 2: Claudia £18.95** ☐ **Video 4: Maureen £18.95**

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LISTEN TO ME MASTURBATE MY CLIT
001 809 4961 702

ORAL SEX SPURT OVER ME
001 809 4961 701

WE'LL TALK DIRTY WHILE YOU WANK
001 809 4961 704

NON STOP FK ORGIES**
001 809 4961 706

30 SECOND WANK OFF ACTION
001 809 4961 715

HARDCORE S&M SEX CLUB after 1 a.m.
001 809 4961 721

1 Cock in my mouth the other up my hole
001 809 4961 722

BANNED SEX LINES

This service will make your cock rock hard - Get ready to **WANK** because these girls want you to **SPUNK** over their faces.

001 809 4961 719 and 720

HORNY YOUNG NYMPHOS
001 809 4961 733
LIVE 3 WAY FUCK FEST
001 809 4961 737
CUM DRIPPING ACTION
001 809 4961 734

2 MINUTES TO SPUNK- QUICK RELIEF
001 809 4961 714

HORNY GYM MISTRESS LOVES YOUNG COCKS
001 809 4961 707

WANK MY CLIT THEN FK ME**
001 809 4961 708

Susan Fks Mandy with her Strap on Dildo**
001 809 4961 710

LET'S WANK TOGETHER 001 809 4961 716

2 RANDY SISTERS NEED SHAFTING
001 809 4961 705

TWO LESBIANS DILDOING EACH OTHER
001 809 4961 703

HOUSEWIVES

Fu*king Live
HOME RECORDINGS

Sharon 25 - has a cock up her and in her mouth call her on
001 809 4961 718

Belinda 18 - is married to a 45yr old guy who can't get a stiffy - fu*k her now by calling
001 809 4961 730

Julie 40 - is bored with straight sex hear her suck fu*k & spank some guy to climax
001 809 4961 731

Lesley 36-24-36 has got a dildo up her cu*t - hear her thrust it in and out by calling
001 809 4961 732

FU*K ME IN EVERY HOLE
001 809 4961 709

QUICKIE LINE

You'll Spunk in 1 minute
001 809 4961 729

Watch your wife drip into my mouth as I wank your stiff cock
001 809 4961 739

I love it from the rear - plug me with your hot penis & dribble some warm cum all over my mouth & arse
001 809 4961 745

MY PUSSY IS DRIPPING WET FOR YOU
001 809 4961 746

2 men spunk in my dirty mouth while my hubby watches & wanks
001 809 4961 742

Call me quick, while I'm hot and juicy, so that I can slurp down your thick slippery cock and you can fill my hungry hole with gobs of your scalding spunk.
001 809 4961 744

HELD OPEN FOR YOUR THICK HARD COCK
001 809 4961 723

Shaved pussy porked by 9"cock
001 809 4961 726

FINGER MY CLIT WHILE YOU FU*K MY HOLE
001 809 4961 712

SPANKED THEN FU*KED BY A SOLDIER
001 809 4961 711

HEAR ME TAKE 2 COCKS
001 809 4961 713

FU*K MY PUSSY 001 809 4961 727
STRIP ME SPANK ME WANK ME
001 809 4961 717

HARDCORE COCK SUCKING
001 809 4961 728

BABYSITTER (18) SWALLOWS YOUR CUM
001 809 4961 735

TINY TITS & TIGHT HOLE
001 809 4961 736

ORAL SEX BIG COCKS WANTED
001 809 4961 738

TRY GAY SEX
HARDCORE

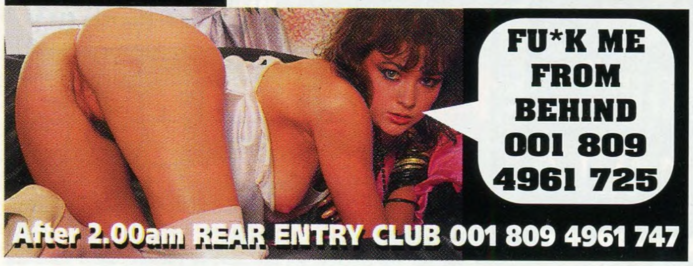
Soldiers dildo gang bang
001 809 4961 669

Gay builder will wank you
001 809 4961 670

Gay virgins first stiff cock
001 809 4961 671

Eavesdrop Line - Hear live Gay Sex
001 809 4961 672

Suck my cock or let me suck yours
001 809 4961 673



FU*K ME FROM BEHIND
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After 2.00am REAR ENTRY CLUB 001 809 4961 747

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NOW available in the UK DIRECT TO YOU

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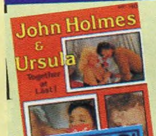
SET ① *WORTH *£200 — Special Offer Price £19.95*



John Holmes and Ursula
The Man with the biggest weapon in the business uses his ten inches to great effect — Lucky Ursula takes it from every angle in this **uncut** special. Every sex act imaginable, all in graphic detail.

Exciting
Another classic previously only available on the Continent. Full of the best from behind penetration you will ever see. A sensational uniform lesbian scene. We're talking hot, hot action.

Dick Rambone Does Buffy Davis
And he does!!! Big buxom Buffy is "done" in every conceivable position with Dick's throbbing rampant digit. Finishes with a terrific two on one scene. Good close-up and penetration shots.

Seka Special
Probably the most explicit film we've been lucky enough to see. Superb oral action. An excellent porno nurse scene and a memorable orgy. Seka is incredible. This really should not be missed.

*This set will sell individually in shops for more than *£200 in total. They're yours for only **£19.95**.*
Yes, £19.95 for all four not £19.95 each.

WARNING: All these films are uncertificated, imported from Europe. These films are totally uncut featuring harcore scenes. These are not for sale in any other outlet in the UK. These films contain highly explicit sexual material. They feature close-ups of intercourse by groups, lesbians, males and females.

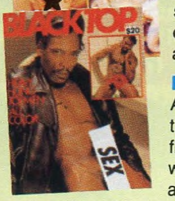
SET ② *WORTH *£200 — Special Offer Price £19.95*

Sexy Girls
Packed with well-built horny girls and a variety of household implements plus total oral explosion and a very large selection of very large hot rods. Horny mixed action and a variety of pleasuring positions.

COLOR CLIMAX 125

Color Climax 125
Exactly what you would expect from this classic Scandinavian title. Excellent ejaculation action and hot lesbian scenes. Open legs, open mouth, open up and in he goes — it's hard, fast and explicit.

Blue Screw
The best group and lesbian action available. Full penetration, orgasm and oral/toss. This film is guaranteed to bring you instant sexual relief. The three girl lesbian orgy is a classic. You'll find their antics incredible.



Black Top
A special for gays, and girls who like their man big. This is a hot all male film with more rigid muscle than we've seen before. Absolute filth and smut, full of torrid sex action.

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PAIR Ⓓ Busen 13 & Rodox 39

Penetrating video on all counts. Amateur girls in tight white panties are stripped for all their mutal pleasures. Leaves nothing to the imagination. Uncensored and very horny. Close-ups to satisfy all full-blooded men and women for that matter. **£11.95**

PAIR Ⓐ Rodox 21 & Rodox 28

Genuine oral group and lesbian sex action. It's fast moving, explicit and horny close-up shots of sexual relief. Shots of sexual relief in all forms — intercourse, manual, oral, breast, armpit and sex toys, exciting, outrageous and absolutely mindblowin'. **£11.95**

PAIR Ⓑ Color Climax 133 & Color Climax 142

One man tries to satisfy a group of horny girls. When he fails they turn to each other! Group female action in close-up explicit feature shots. You will not believe your eyes when you see what these girls can do for each other, their imaginations run riot. **£11.95**

PAIR Ⓒ Exciting 23 & Teenage Sex II

Group sex action, college girl wants to give them much more than an apple!!! See what horny girls like to do to the men in their life, and to each other. Pulsating pussies are parted by the most incredible digits of all shapes, sizes and colours. **£11.95**

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John Holmes & Ursula
Exciting/Seka Special
Dick Rambone does Buffy Davis

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Sexy Girls
Color Climax 125
Blue Screw/Black Top

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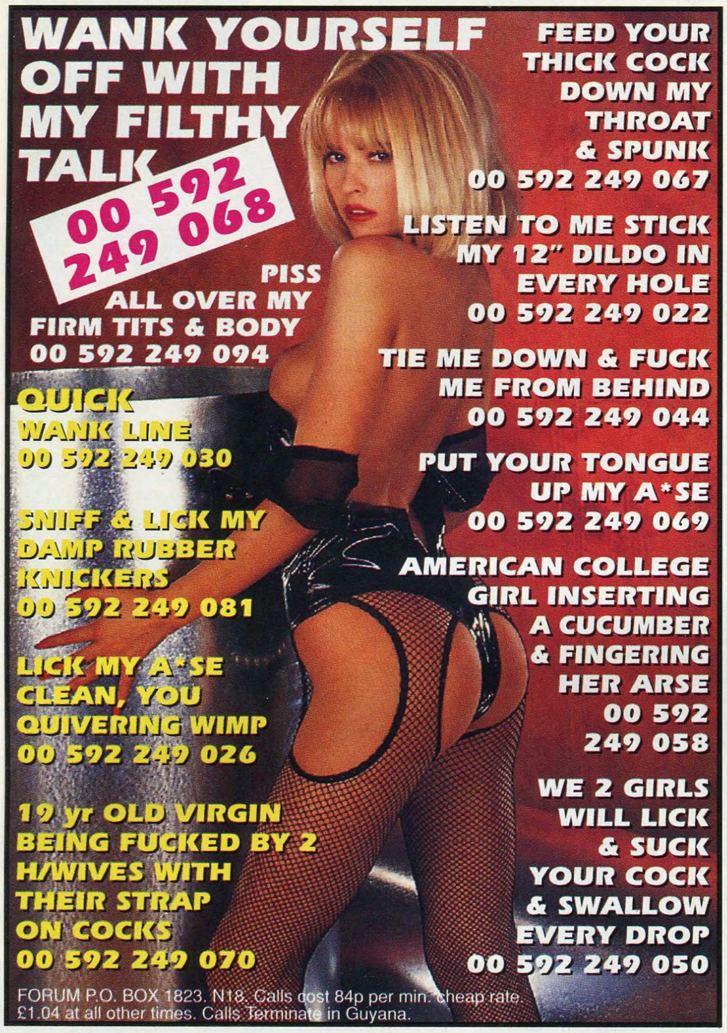

WANK YOURSELF OFF WITH MY FILTHY TALK
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FEED YOUR THICK COCK DOWN MY THROAT & SPUNK
00 592 249 067

LISTEN TO ME STICK MY 12" DILDO IN EVERY HOLE
00 592 249 022

PISS ALL OVER MY FIRM TITS & BODY
00 592 249 094

TIE ME DOWN & FUCK ME FROM BEHIND
00 592 249 044

QUICK WANK LINE
00 592 249 030

PUT YOUR TONGUE UP MY A*SE
00 592 249 069

SNIFF & LICK MY DAMP RUBBER KNICKERS
00 592 249 081

AMERICAN COLLEGE GIRL INSERTING A CUCUMBER & FINGERING HER ARSE
00 592 249 058

LICK MY A*SE CLEAN, YOU QUIVERING WIMP
00 592 249 026

WE 2 GIRLS WILL LICK & SUCK YOUR COCK & SWALLOW EVERY DROP
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SHAG MY GIRLFRIEND DOGGY STYLE, THEN SPURT IN MY FACE! LIVE!
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CONFIDENTIAL
UNCENSORED
24 HOURS

2 NAUGHTY NURSES DILDOING EACH OTHER!
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TIE US, SPANK US, SHAFT US!
001 809 496 1432

NO STRAIGHTS! HARD S&M LIVE!
0171 814 0897*

SECRETARY LICKING YOUR WIFE'S CLIT WHILE YOU WATCH!
001 809 496 1433

EXPLORE THE OTHER SIDE! LIVE BI-SEXUAL AND GAY FANTASIES!
001 809 496 1434

18YR OLD TWINS MASTURBATE EACH OTHER!
001 809 496 1439

1716

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I NEED YOUR HARD COCK IN MY WET HOLE! LIVE!
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1718

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WAITRESS GIVES YOU A BLOWJOB!
001 809 496 1428

SISTER-IN-LAW SHAFTED FROM BEHIND!
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SHAG ME WITH A VIBRATOR!
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PUMP IT UP MY C**T 001 809 4961 200

DIRTY SLUT WILL EMPTY YOUR BAG
001 809 4961 201

SPUNK IT OVER MY BIG TITS
001 809 4961 202

F**K MY PUSSY
001 809 4961 203

F**K MY GIRLFRIEND THEN CUM IN MY MOUTH
001 809 4961 267

LESBIAN COLLEGE GIRL TAKES 10" DILDO
001 809 4961 204

OLDER WOMAN (40" TITS) TAKES YOUNG COCK
001 809 4961 205

DOUBLE JUICY F**K & SUCK ORGIES /24HR
001 809 4961 210

SPUNK UP MY DRIPPING FANNY
001 809 4961 209

Farmgirl takes it up both ends
001 809 4961 206

1 BLACK GUY (10")
2 WHITE GIRLS 19YRS OLD
001 809 4961 208

SISTERS SUCK YOUR BALLS & COCK
001 809 4961 207

WE WANT YOU BETWEEN US I'LL F**K SHE'LL SUCK
001 809 4961 268

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- ★OFFERED FOR THE VERY FIRST TIME IN THE UK
- ★TOTAL PRIVACY ★ DIRECT ACCESS
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OF PURE, UNCUT HARDCORE FILTH, INCLUDES GIRLS USING WORDS LIKE COCK, WANK, C*NT AND F*CK. ABSOLUTELY NOTHING CUT OUT AND NOTHING LEFT TO THE IMAGINATION.

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DIRTY FILTHY F*CK TALK. NO LONG INTROS.

30 SECOND JERK-OFF!

001-809-496-1559

INSTANT RELIEF

DICK STIFFENING ACTION!

Filthy 2 Minute Handjob

001-809-496-1565

SPUNK OVER ME IN 60 SECONDS

INSTANT RELIEF

No Boring Intros! 100% Guaranteed

001-809-496-1551

SPUNK OVER MY FACE

This filthy tart loves it. 1 min.

001-809-496-1562

HEAR ME PANTING AND MOANING AS I WANK MY CLIT!

001-809-496-1554

1 MIN

Blow Job - F*ck My Expert Mouth

001-809-496-1552

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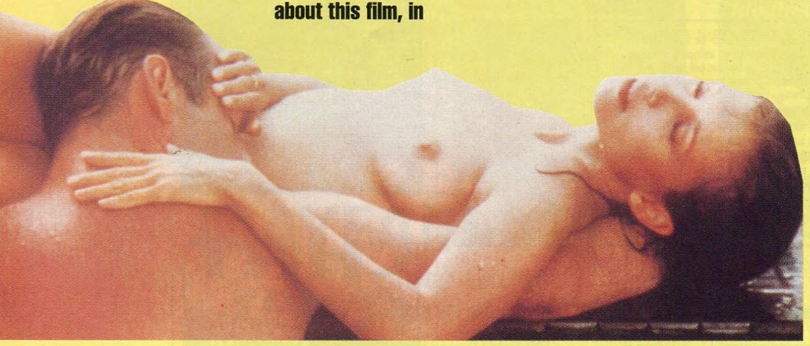
THE COLOR OF SHITE...

Even Jane March's pussy can't save this month's videos, says **Dean Isherwood**

Color of Night
Guild Home Video
Certificate: 18

Just because a film has Jane March in it getting her pert, nubile, rosebud boobies out doesn't mean it's any good. And here's two hours of proof. Okay, we do get to see Ms March's neatly trimmed pussy, but the thrill is somewhat dampened by the presence of Bruce Willis' fuzzy bonce about an inch away from it, not to mention the glimpse of his button mushroom a second later! We wouldn't even mind if the story was any cop. But it's not. In fact the only good bit about this film, in my addled opinion, is the moment Jane flashes her right boob and says to Bruce in her cutesiest little voice, "What colour is my nipple?" Mmmmm. I liked that. Give that girl an Oscar.



Love and Human Remains
Polygram Video
Certificate: 18

This bi-sexual romp came highly recommended by some very brainy university friends. I should have known it would be shite. This is the sort of film you pretend you like because it deals with all the right issues and talks a load of trendy bollocks about sex. I still find it hard to believe that the film industry puts millions of pounds into movies like this when my overdraught could be cleared with just a few grand, and make me a lot happier than this toss.

Rating: ✓✓✓

VIDEO OF THE MONTH
Four Weddings and a Funeral
Polygram Video
Certificate: 15

Hugh Grant must be the happiest man in the world. One minute he's ordinary old 'Who?' Grant, a slope-eyed floppy with an Oxbridge accent, the next he's the star of the biggest ever grossing British movie and groping Elizabeth Hurley's baps. Jesus fucking Christ! Why don't things like that ever happen to us? And to top it all Grant moaned that he only got paid £85K for his role as the dopey dandy in this, admittedly, rather funny film. ONLY 85 THOUSAND POUNDS AND ELIZABETH HURLEY'S GLAD BAGS INTO THE BARGAIN! I don't care if this video is excellent, I still hate Hugh Grant.

Rating: ✓✓✓✓✓ ♣

HUGH GRANT
ANDIE MACDOWELL
A MIKE NEWELL FILM
four Weddings and a funeral
15
FIVE GOOD REASONS TO STAY SINGLE.
THE BIGGEST BRITISH FILM OF ALL TIME
PolyGram Video

RATINGS
unmissable, a classic ✓✓✓✓✓✓
definitely worth watching ✓✓✓✓✓
fairly good ✓✓✓✓
average ✓✓✓
yawn, fast forward ✓✓
appalling ✓

in the bag

continued from page 36

Her cunt felt incredibly warm and tight and I thrust upwards as Mandy threw herself around on top of me, screaming and urging me on. It didn't take long before the two of came, thrashing around on the bed and then falling to the floor in a crumpled, sweaty heap.

The next morning, I left Mandy in bed and went into the kitchen to fix us some breakfast. I had assumed that Mandy lived alone, but I soon discovered otherwise when I set eyes on Mandy's flatmate, Anna. She was there in the kitchen dressed in a satin mini and bent over the laundry basket. Her mini rode up to reveal a lovely arse as she rummaged around in the basket. Pulling out a skimpy g-string, Anna slipped it on giving me a glimpse of her neatly-shaven pussy. I stood there transfixed, then coughed politely. Anna turned around quickly and smiled. "Aaah, you must be the guy who was fucking Mandy last night," she purred sexily.

I went bright red. "There's no need to be embarrassed," she laughed. "We're all adults, aren't we?" Anna then strode over and brazenly tugged my boxers down to my ankles and out popped my massive hard-on. "What have we here?" she giggled, wrapping her hands around my shaft and then dropping to her knees. She began greedily lapping at my engorged helmet and fondling my balls. Then she ran her tongue along the underside of my shaft, before taking my length into her mouth and sucking me. I was in heaven as I looked down to see this vision of blonde-haired loveliness chomping on my wanger, but just then I heard the kitchen door open and in walked Mandy.

"What the hell?" she shrieked. I was completely mortified, but I needn't have worried. "You might have invited me!" she said excitedly.

In an instant, Mandy was down on the floor beside Anna and the two of them began kissing each other. I stood there with my cock poking out proud, unsure of what to do, as Anna and Mandy became more engrossed with each other. Mandy had now pushed Anna onto her back on the floor and began licking her way up her thighs towards her cunt. I stood behind them watching every move; Mandy's arse poking high in the air and Anna's shouts becoming more animated and filthy as her friend's tongue snaked inside her cunt.

Mandy's bum was wiggling from side to side more frantically now, and I couldn't resist it a moment longer. I dropped to my knees and pulled her knickers to one side, then eased my cock inside her lovely minge. As I began powering into Mandy, she fucked Anna with her tongue until I heard Anna scream and shake wildly. I speeded up the pace and Mandy reached around and eased a finger alongside my cock. With one loud and fast slap against her peachy arse, I felt myself coming and exploded in orgasm just as Mandy screamed she was coming too!

After all the energy that was expended, there was nothing to do but for the three of us to head back to bed – where Mandy and Anna decided to treat me to a lezzie show! As you can imagine, we didn't make it out of bed until later that evening where I hobbled home knackered, but very happy. I've got my drama class again tomorrow – but I just hope I'll be giving my best performance after the class has finished! – *Mick, London*

in and out

This month it's cool to be a cunt

IN	OUT
Norwegian death metal	American poodle rock
GG Allin	Dave Allen
Natural Born Kittens	Natural Born Killers
Top of the Pops Two	Top of the Pops
The Bible Of Dreams	No Beast So Fierce
Seal clubbing	night clubbing
The Word	NYPD Blues
The Modern Review	Blow
Dirty socks	dirty knickers
Cornholing	corn on the cob
Those 2 girls	Shampoo
Michael Portillo	Julian Clary ♣

DIRTY DANCING

My name is Petra, I'm 22 years old and I work for a promotions company. My job usually involves draping myself over a car at a motor show or manning a stand at a trade fair – and I never fail to attract attention. That's hardly surprising really. When you've got a shapely figure, 36D boobs and long blonde hair like I have, you attract men in droves. Take last

continued on page 98

Photographs by Maria Clarke

erin

"PVC gear is just soooo sexy," purrs 20-year-old Erin. "I don't think there's a man alive who can resist me in this gear – and if there is I've never met him!" The sexy Scouser indulges her love of kinky gear by working in the cloakrooms of a fetish club in Liverpool. "I stand behind the counter wearing next to nothing," grins Erin. "That attracts the fellas, believe me.

"I had three blokes in the cloakroom once and I managed to satisfy them all," she says. "I took one in my mouth, one between my breasts and one inside my pussy, then I made them swap over! Who says being a cloakroom attendant is boring, huh?" ♣

LOVE BYTES

Fancy a byte to eat? Club's computer whizzkid **Steve Duresse** gorges himself on the latest batch of sexy CD-ROMs...

Blooming Angels
Erotic Illusions

Once upon a time, top photographer Tony Currin aimed his lens at some of the world's most beautiful women and pictures of them in alarmingly erotic poses appeared in magazines like your very own *Club International*, no less. Unfortunately that was 20 years ago, and some of the shots on the CD-ROM certainly look their age. If you like the retro '70s look you'll be all right, and if you wake up every morning thinking 'I wish I had 1,000 pics of stocking-clad women of yesteryear', this is definitely the one for you. Otherwise it's not so hot, although it comes with an excellent photo viewer called VuePrint, and that alone makes it worth the money.

This is also the only CD-ROM you can smell – thanks to an extraordinary technique known as 'squirting perfume on the inlay card'. Whatever will they think of next?

❤❤❤

Erotic Illusions
Blooming Angels
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A Tony Currin Retrospective with ScensAroma

Private Previews Vol 1
Sheptonhurst

Compared to the sort of quality discs coming from the United States, British offerings are a bit dubious, to say the least. And *Private Previews* is surely one of the most dubious of the lot!

The theory, at least, is good. There are clips from ten full motion videos, with titles like Nympho Girls, Appointment For Sex and On The Game. Unfortunately they're all years old, incredibly short, and you don't get to see anything much anyway – apart from the odd bare bosom. Worse still, the moving image is smaller than a postage stamp and the word 'preview' keeps flashing in front of it. Bollocks! ♣

❤

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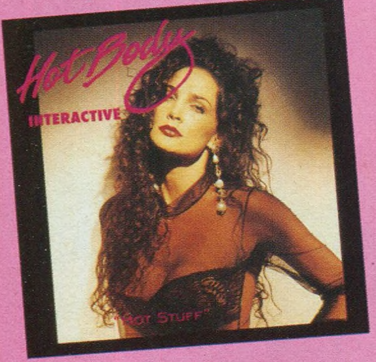
Hot Body Interactive
Intermaginary Entertainment

It's a bit of a weird one, this. After a rather groovy opening sequence you're presented with a purple wall that looks like something out of a Silk Cut advert. When you move your mouse around the wall, bits of a naked babe's silhouette appear along with a photograph of your hostess. Click on the hostess and you're taken off into another realm.

The screen is broken up into twelve pieces and around the outside you get stills of the hostess in all her glory, while clicking on any of the middle squares launches a video. The film quality's a bit jerky and the clips are quite tame, but – unlike some of the other titles – at least you should be able to buy this one in the UK.

❤❤❤



Ratings:
- ❤❤❤❤❤❤ Cybersex sensation
- ❤❤❤❤❤ Puts the joy in joystick
- ❤❤❤❤ Decent hardware
- ❤❤❤ Redeeming features
- ❤❤ Geeks only
- ❤ Hit the delete key

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in the bag

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month, for example, when I went up to Newcastle for the weekend...

Along with another girl, Melissa, who works for the same company, I had been working at a nightclub plugging a new brand of beer and giving out free drinks to the punters. There was a pretty raucous crowd in that night – mainly due to the fact that there was an erotic dance troupe appearing there later on in the evening, but that didn't stop the fellas from trying to chat up Melissa and me. You couldn't really blame them – after all, the tight-fitting skirts and low-cut tops we were wearing left very little to the imagination. There was a constant queue of men trying to chat us up, and this was long after the free beer had gone!

Anyway, by the time ten o'clock came our job was done, but instead of heading back to our hotel we decided to stay and have a few drinks ourselves. The two of us sat at the bar and soon attracted a stream of admirers who kept us in free drinks for the next few hours. We were both feeling pretty sozzled by the time the DJ announced the arrival of the evening's entertainment.

As the curtain went back, four girls appeared on-stage and began lip-synching and dancing in time to music. They were all dressed identically in little black dresses and as their act progressed, the fellas were shouting and egging them to strip off. Then suddenly the music stopped, the four girls quickly whipped off their dresses to reveal their bras and knickers – and then promptly left the stage! "Christ, we could do better than that!" shouted Melissa loudly.

"Why don't you then, darling?" someone shouted back. Melissa looked at me quizzically and I nodded enthusiastically.

"C'mon then," I giggled, "let's show them how to really strip!" Melissa and I calmly walked onto the dance floor, past all the randy men before us and we jumped onto the stage. The music began pumping again and I moved towards Melissa and began to slowly unbutton her blouse. Her top fell to the floor, then I reached around and unclasped her bra. As her big boobs popped out, the crowd went absolutely wild.

Melissa then stepped out of her short skirt and kicked her high heels into the audience to wild cheers of approval. She stood there in just her knickers, smirking at me. "I'll do better than that!" I shrieked. Quickly scanning the audience, I spotted a hunky-looking bloke at the front and pulled him onto the stage with me. His hands were all over me in seconds, peeling off my blouse and taking off my skirt until I stood there in my bra and knickers.

I winked at Melissa, then unbuckled his belt and yanked his trousers down to his ankles. Melissa's jaw almost hit the floor as I reached inside his boxers and pulled out his cock, weighing it up in my hands and gently stoking my fingers up and down the shaft. "This'll do nicely," I shrieked delightedly, winking at Melissa.

I took off my bra and stepped out of my knickers, then threw them into the audience before pushing my new friend onto a stool and lowering myself onto him. He coped with the bizarre circumstances admirably, pushing his cock up inside my tight cunt and sucking hard on my tits.

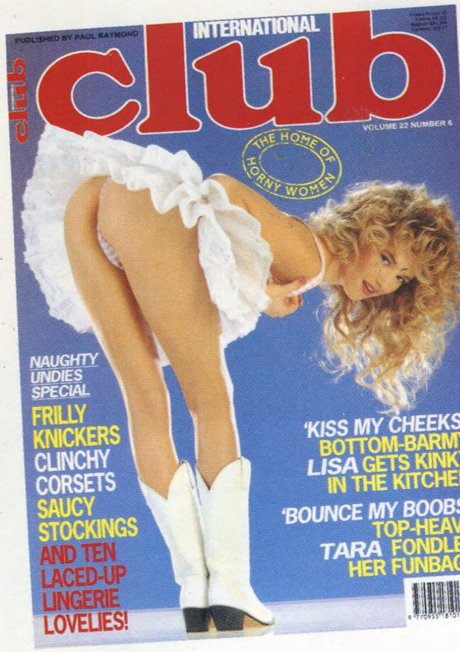
Meanwhile, Melissa was not to be outdone and she had pulled two blokes from the audience and was busy alternately lapping away at two cocks in front of her. I couldn't believe the two of us where behaving in such a manner – but we were both loving it! Just then, I looked to see my fella's face contorting with pleasure and he grunted and shot his spunk inside me.

I quickly clambered off him and decided to help out Melissa with her two cocks, but she was having none of it! The greedy bitch insisted on finishing off the two blokes herself, getting one to come in her mouth while she wanked off the other bloke all over her tits.

The crowd cheered what they thought was our finale, but Melissa and I weren't quite finished yet. We both dropped onto the floor and got in a 69 position, then licked and sucked each other to orgasm – which got the biggest cheer of the night! I almost fainted with the intensity of it all. Afterwards we both went back to our hotel for some much-needed sleep, before we headed home the next morning. If you were one of the fellas at the nightclub, I hoped you enjoyed our show. If you weren't there – then just keep an eye out for Melissa and I in your area soon. We can't wait to do it all over again! – *Dawn, Southampton.* ♣

Tony Husband

How long has this yoghurt been in the fridge?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